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COVER: Classic good looks for the everyday-busyday life—Don Simonelli for Modelia's easy little tailor's suit in natural silk pongee (Erlanger Blumgart fabric); peach-colored shirt of acetate-and-rayon crêpe. About \$185. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. L. S. Ayres; Swanson's; Sakowitz. . . . More natural good looks—Almay's hypoallergenic Color Moist Lipstick, here in Dusty Rose. The new Schiaparelli wig, of Elura. Coif and makeup, by Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page of issue.

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VOGUE TRAVEL

The Canary Islands THE REAL PLACE BEHIND THE MYTH

BY **DESPINA MESSINESI**

The Canaries, where are they? The Canary archipelago, seven Spanish islands in the Atlantic Ocean, lies some sixty miles west of Spanish West Africa. People often misplace the Canary Islands, especially since President Nixon's visit last December to the Azores—that group of Portuguese islands further north in the open Atlantic.

For centuries logical ports of call for explorers (Columbus lingered there on his way to the New World), the Canaries in the nineteenth hundreds were discovered by the English, those pioneer sun-seekers with noses for bargains. Now, planeloads of visitors—more Germans and Swedes than English—descend on the lovely islands freshly groomed for *turismo*. To lure Americans, Spain's national airline, Iberia, now flies there non-stop from New York.

Most people taking off from New York arrive at Las Palmas on Gran Canaria Island feeling surprisingly sharp after the six-hour overnight flight, in spite of the five-hour time change. It could be the chemistry of pure, light air that does it. The twenty-five-minute drive from the airport to Las Palmas—past camels, banana plantations, acres of plastic greenhouses, bare hills, and balconied houses under changing clouds—is a teaser to alert travelers.

The islands in this cluster, each fascinating, each different, all created by volcanic eruptions, share one common denominator—a year-round spring climate. Because the Canaries are situated a few degrees north of the Tropic of Cancer, the weather there varies hardly at all from season to season.

Some visitors, especially Americans used to the Caribbean, misinterpret the Canaries' *spring* climate and arrive pre-

pared for tropical heat. The zingy Atlantic swimming, the fresh mornings and afternoons, and the chilly nights surprise them, but not the powerful mid-day sun drilling down, as intense and easy to underestimate as it might be on Mt. Everest.

On the northeast corner of the almost sun-shaped Gran Canaria Island, Las Palmas, the island's port and capital city, spreads over green hills—seven of them, as Rome does—and stretches along six miles of beach. At one end is Las Canteras, a broad curve of toast-colored sand, its rows of people sitting in chaises looking like a massive spill of confetti.

Overlooking the tremendous swoop of beach, the new balconied Hotel Cristina—with a pool above the sea—is one of the best luxury places to stay along the shore. Rising round as a candle opposite the Santa Catalina Park is the fresh, streamlined Hotel Don Juan. From its glass-walled pool on the roof, guests have a 360-degree view of the city—the harbor, the beach, and the balconied apartment buildings terraced on the hills; in the nightclub one floor below (good live dance music), they seem to be at eye level with the stars.

The relatively small Santa Catalina Park between the port and the beach is a world-watching place, a conglomerate of nationalities, races, and languages. It has newspaper kiosks; tall trees in flower beds; stalls selling leather goods, not especially good (here, as all over the Canaries, buyers must bargain); open-air cafés and restaurants where people sit as in theaters facing the crowds jostling by on the sidewalks. You'd be silly not to.

The Hotel Santa Catalina is in a class by itself—a model of Canary Island architecture: or-

nate Mudejar wooden balconies with polished brass finials and draped with red geraniums growing in shiny pots; arched verandas where guests often have tea at the rattan tables; large, cool rooms with heavy wooden shutters. On the hotel's grounds—a palm park plunked in the middle of town—walks lead to a pool, tennis courts, and to the Canary Village, a showcase of island houses and handicrafts. Every Sunday morning, from eleven to one, the "village" piazza turns into a stage for folk dancing and singers snaking around the café tables.

A ravishing place for poking around is Vegueta, a small white preserve of Gothic and neoclassic buildings with doors and windows framed in battleship grey, exquisite balconies, and wrought-iron lanterns. One old house, now the Columbus museum, with patios opening onto patios and curtained with vines from roof to cobbled-stone floors, is home for a pair of talkative parrots.

On the duty-free Canary Islands, there are several kinds of shops: some stock the same things one finds at the duty-free shops at international airports, at more or less the same prices—perfumes, liquors, watches, etc.; at others, run by Indians, Syrians, Lebanese, and Jordanians, where people must haggle over the cost, one finds Nigerian crocodile bags, African bead necklaces—always the same models. The best buy is the excellent cigars made from tobacco grown on the islands. *Note:* U.S. Customs officials examine the origin of cigars. Though you also can buy Havanas in the Canary Islands, those—or any other Cuban cigars—cannot be brought into this country.

On the southern end of Gran Canaria at Maspalomas, a sandy plain of dunes and crinkled sand

like a small Sahara by the sea, the contemporary, enormously comfortable, rambling Hotel Maspalomas Oasis stands away from everything. Terraced rooms face lagoons, flower gardens, the sea, and desert; in the nightclub, walled in glass, flamenco dancers perform, back-dropped by lighted palms outside. Saunas, massage, pool, tennis, several bars, and—a few minutes away—a stable with horses as well as camels, plus, in the desert, the remarkable green-greens of an eighteen-hole golf course.

The delight of children playing on the beach by burying one another under sand is part of the pleasure at the Solarium de Maspalomas, a three-minute walk from the Oasis Hotel. People with pesky pains, rheumatism, and gout go there; and some, just for the fun of the cure. Everybody must first have a checkup by the *clinique's* doctor who prescribes the treatment that goes like this:

One—sunbath on a contoured wooden slab in the solarium, a moon-shaped arena of sand. Two—sand bath in pits dug in the sand, your body deep under more sand with a topping of black sand to trap the sun's heat. Three—rest, swaddled in pink blankets, in a dormitory walled in glass with sunrays pouring in. Four—hot sea-water whirlpool bath with algae. Five—massage with algae lotion by Manuel, a former trainer of Olympic swimmers. Some people work out in the gym, and some try sea-water inhalations.

The women's wing is on the left, the men's on the right. The whole business lasts about two hours, but that delicious feeling lingers.

Neat plan: Flying Iberia, this Canary plot works out as a stop-over on the way to or on the way back from Madrid. Good-bye. ▼



Bill Blass cuts the ribbon on Spring with the snap of white silk against a navy wool suit.

Other late news—the mess jacket with cuff link closing, the front pleated skirt, the haberdasher tie. All together now in the 28 Shop on Six. At Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

What's going on at parties?

Plenty. And a good party is one of the best places to watch the changes, the shifts, the nuances that are happening in fashion. Right now, it's clear to see—everyone wants to look, to be, glamorous, alluring. . . .

Lots of bare skin on view

Mind you, not everyone comes to the party quite as bare as Josephine Baker in this poster, part of the décor at the Erte-gün-Sharp party for singer Bobby Short, but lots of bare skin is now delectably showing at all the best do's—Kitty Hawks came to this one in Halston's sensational black jersey scooped out here, there, and then twice more, too. . . . (Also—Kitty's barely covering is black. And that's the color that's turned up to be the nighttime hue. . . .)



The chic, soignée polished coiffure

Everyone noticed Mrs. Reinaldo Herrera-Uslar y Guevara the night she came to the party with her gleaming red-gold hair smoothly rolled back and up in a pompadour in front, rolled again at the nape of the neck. . . . Mrs. Herrera is, of course, a breathtaking beauty. But watch for this type of rolled coiffure. It's just coming in . . . a bit of the business of looking glamorous in a polished, elegant way. . . .

"THIRTY WERE INVITED FOR DINNER, THIRTY MORE FOR DANCING AFTER—AND EVERY WOMAN WAS IN BLACK. . . ."

Fascinating how everyone—blonde, brunette, red; young, not so—feels for wearing black at night. At almost every good party in New York this winter, big or little, black has been the star. . . . Black anything—pants suits, culottes, bare cut-outs, long dresses.

Everybody's dancing—

Flashing around the floor, two by two, clasped together . . . it's probably because we're hearing more often that boopsy-upsy familiar music—the kind everyone gets, understands, and gets up to dance to. . . .



Pearls. Everyone is suddenly wearing masses of pearls again—perhaps an unconscious instinct for knowing how luxurious they look caressing, cascading on bare skin? . . .



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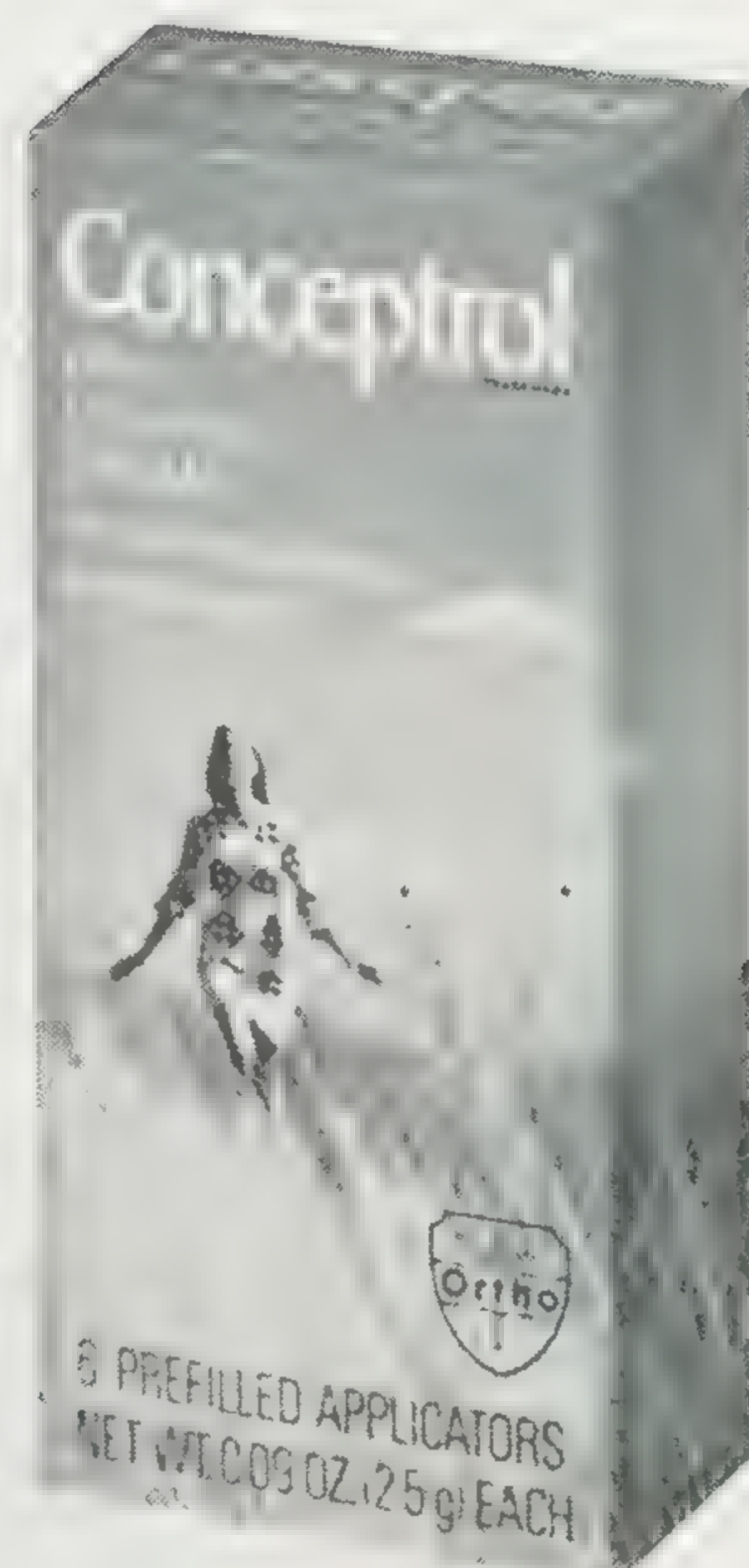
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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

Foreign Ports Report: from Saint Moritz

"The slopes have never been more colorful, skies, boots, accessories, all contrasting in rainbow hues. The colored ski boot is definitely in: you now see every color—red, yellow, teal blue, orange... even the black boot has yellow or red touches... skies in every color, stripes, zebra stripes of every color... Furs are very wild, lots of fox, raccoon with tails hanging everywhere. The accessory is the big, fat fur tail hanging—from back of hat, from big sack shoulder-pouch bag, round the neck of a long coat, from a belt... For après ski—wonderful-looking blazers in dark-green or navy or grey velvet—very, very close fitting, like sweaters. These are very new and are worn over men's shirts in Oxford cloth, pale blue or pink...

Short Skirts—

In Rome, Paris, New York, girls are out dancing in short, really short, skirted dresses—at least mid-thigh, sometimes way higher—some cut up on the side even further to show most of the tights beneath... Watch it.

What twists the T-shirt?

A bit of cutting out, a bit of flaring out, a bit of lingerie lace... these are a few of the ways the French ready-to-wear designers have re-twirled the good old basic T-shirt, giving it added oomph and lots of Lolita sex appeal... **1.** Courrèges cuts his T-shirt like an undershirt, makes it of black knit, with boxer shorts to match. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin... **2.** Old-fashioned Chantilly lace appliqués and edgings—écru on a brown T-shirt, black on a tea-rose shaded one—and the T-shirts are cut to just clear the waist. Deliciously, femininely sexy... By Sun. About \$11 each. At Bonwit Teller... **3.** The U-neck halter T-shirt—destined to be a classic. And one more example of the new bareness coming into fashion. By Emesse. About \$6. Macy's... **4.** Very interesting new cut to the T-shirt—snug under the arms, then flaring out, ending just above the waist. In awning-stripe colors on cotton knit. By MicMac. About \$15. At Bloomingdale's.



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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

London: Is it soft as a dog's ear?



These clothes right here are—they're the soft flippy-floppy fashion that somehow only the English designers know how to create—for instance: ***This fantasy for a fisherman*** (left)—the top, a billowing kite of a shape, sensibly brought in tight at the wrists—the pants pegged in at the calf. Made from a melange of Liberty prints. By Gina Fratini. Available in April at Bloomingdale's. . . .

How long has it been since you wore your pyjamas outdoors? Say, on your way to tennis? Actually, these flannelette pyjamas (above) are a very London look for summer in the country—or with a floppy garden hat, like this, for city streets. By Gina Fratini. April, Bloomingdale's. ***The silky-as-a-dog's-ear pyjama*** (below)—white crêpe de Chine with little floppy sleeves and big floppy legs. By Mary Quant. About \$50. At Henri Bendel. . . .

London: Cartoons on the walls and Fifties clothes on the racks. . . . At Mr. Freedom, the new restaurant downstairs has big cutouts of eats on the wall . . . upstairs, some of the new dresses look like a Fifties-diner waitress's: short sleeves with rolled white cuffs, white collars—all that's needed is the rakish white pocket handkerchief. . . . Paradise Garage is the boutique that caters to the Fifties fanatics. It used to sell the authentic stuff—secondhand relics of the period—but now they make their own versions. . . . Outsize comic strips painted on the walls, comic books in the magazine racks, juke boxes, and slot machines are in Meeny's, the new children's hairdresser of London. Children sit anywhere while having their hair cut . . . there's a bar in back serving milk shakes, candy, and sandwiches—all this has resulted in Meeny's becoming the first children's club. They drop in, meet their friends, and muck about for hours, spending all their pocket money. . . .



VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Sardoettes. The body tenderizer for shower takers.

You know a tender body is a nicer body.

So do we.

So Sardo put their precious bath oil into little individually wrapped towelettes. Now shower takers can get just as soft and tender as Sardo bath takers. Sardoettes. After every shower, just smooth one all over your body—while your skin is still wet. And like that!—you'll be as tender as can be.



For 3 samples of Sardoettes, just send 25¢ to:
Sardo, P.O. Box 375, N.Y., N.Y. 10046

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offer limited to one per family. Expires 7/1/72.



**Sardoettes. After-shower towelettes
rich in Sardo Bath Oil.**

12

The great Eurobread conspiracy

According to a traveler just back from England, there's a tempest brewing in that normally unflappable country. The reason? Eurobread, a possible offshoot of their entry into the Common Market. It seems the Common Market experts feel there should be one, standardized bread for the whole Common Market area—and what staunch Britons fear is that all-too-familiar (to us) white-flannel variety. That would make it a crisis indeed—on par with those fiendish international conspiracies James Bond, Agent 007, is always thwarting. After all, London's been the red-hot center of health-food interest that's now reached near-international proportion. Their famous Crank's even has its own bakery where they make and bake all kinds of wonderful, healthful, whole-grain breads. And what about English cottage loaf, the scone, the crumpet . . . the long French *flûte*, the flaky croissant, the puffy brioche . . . the round, pale-gold, crusty Italian loaf . . . delicious dark sour German rye—what's to become of them? Whither pumpnickel? Many Americans (we suspect) go abroad chiefly for the delight of eating really fresh, crusty, gutsy bread, still warm from the oven and served with cool swirls of sweet butter. . . . Yes, clearly Blofeld, international fiend, is behind it all. 007, to the rescue!

The "Settebello" —beauty on the right track

Ask anyone who's been to Italy . . . one of the most delightful ways to get from Milan to Rome (and the other way round) is the Settebello: a super-deluxe, superfast, supertrain that stops only twice en route—at Florence and Bologna. As it laps up the miles, you can nestle very happily in the lap of old-world luxury . . . indulge in marvelous pasta . . . enjoy the scenery flashing by from a glass-enclosed observation lounge. . . . Or just sit back, relax, and have your hair done—the newest, snappiest service offered on the Settebello. This (and what a wonderful way it is to pass the time) has been made available through Femme Sistina, one of Rome's best-known beauty salons. The first of its kind on any Italian train, it's the first place, we suspect, many harried travelers will head for once the wheels start rolling. In store for these lucky passengers, everything that's needed to revive travel-tired spirits and looks—haircuts, shampoo-and-sets, comb-outs, the works. All done very pronto. . . . When you're ready to leave the Settebello, you're ready for whatever's next on the agenda without giving your hair a second thought—which really makes the going great.

Edith Imre— life at the top

You can make all sorts of interesting discoveries on an ocean voyage. For Edith Imre, a post-World War II crossing on the France opened her eyes to the great wig-and-hairpiece potential. Passengers were queuing up in droves at the ship's beauty salon and refused to leave their cabins without first making an appointment in the aforementioned place. Mrs. Imre, on the other hand, "felt so good because I just had to pin *my* hair on and I was ready for all the fun the ship had to offer. . . ." Nearly twenty years later, you still won't find her leaving home without hairpiece firmly in place—she even wears one under a bathing cap! As for ocean crossing, she's doing that with an even greater frequency—an apartment in Rome gives her "an excuse to go there every five weeks or so . . . there's a special sparkle there you don't find anywhere else . . . and I get a lot of my best ideas just walking the streets of Rome"—not the Via Veneto tourist beat but the places where attractive, young Romans live, work, and play. . . . At the moment, she's very excited about the strong comeback of falls—those pouffy swooshes and sweeps of hair that make for fast, vast improvements in everyone's appearance—"They're so versatile, and now that they come on larger bases (and in the new synthetic fibres), they're easy to attach and mix with one's own hair for a natural look." (For a close-up of an Edith Imre fall, see page 53.) In addition to falls, she has wigs, wiglets, switches, braids, curls of real hair and her synthetic, Imrelon, in fantasy shades as well as real-life colors—all of which can be found in stores and beauty salons across the country and in the Edith Imre salon on West 57th Street, in New York.



You know a tender body is a
nicer body.

So does he.

So do we.

That's why Sardo is more than
just a simple bath oil or bead.

Sardo is pure, rich moisturizing
oils in a tenderizing formula
nobody's ever been able to copy.

In fact, 2 out of 3 women in a
national survey said they felt softer
and smoother after just *one* Sardo
bath.

Imagine how tender you'll be if
you use Sardo regularly.

Sardo Bath Oil.

Sardo. The body tenderizer.



VOGUE HOROSCOPE

FROM FEBRUARY 15 THROUGH FEBRUARY 29

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



ELIZABETH TAYLOR was born February 27, 1932, as the Sun transited Pisces with Mars on one side and Mercury on the other—indicating an emotional person who acts and thinks at the same time. Uranus (friendship) and Venus (love) in exact conjunction in the Fire sign Aries (leaders) and forming a trinity with Jupiter (luck) in Leo produce a continuous romantic atmosphere. The Moon in powerful Scorpio in a wide trine (best) to her Pisces Sun shows harmony with the public. It is not her great beauty that attracts her fans but the force of this Sun-Moon trine. There is universal interest in the actions of so extravagant a personality.

ARIES, March 21–April 19. Once an Arian forms a plan, it is the executive abilities that assure success; as the idea of defeat never enters the mind. Your ruler, Mars, has moved to Taurus, slowing you up. Your moves will be more deliberate during this period. With Jupiter in an Earth sign, Capricorn, you should succeed in financial matters; since both Taurus and Capricorn are concerned with values and with material gain.

TAURUS, April 20–May 20. Whether in love or in hate, it is best not to arouse the steadfast Taurian. To provoke your stubbornness makes you more resolute. Your ruler, Venus, now in Aries shows a new proposal stimulated by the new moon that has far-reaching potential. All depends on making quick judgments and entering into an agreement early, for during the last few days plans may be canceled unexpectedly.

GEMINI, May 21–June 20. The acute, inquiring minds of Geminians like to ask questions, not for gossip but for scientific comparison with their opinions. The scene changes for you at the new moon. Not until after the first week would it be wise to resume action or to accept a new plan. Just before the end of the month, a mixed atmosphere requires concentration. With your ruler, Mercury, in Pisces, you can make a wise choice.

CANCER, June 21–July 22. Your sensitive, quiet side can be misleading; for you can be angered into a storm of protest—though the anger is not lasting, nor do you hold a grudge. After the new moon, when Mercury enters Water Pisces, messages and communication become effective. Jupiter in your opposite sign shows attraction to powerful associates. Do not discuss new plans with others; keep your own counsel.

LEO, July 23–August 22. The forthrightness of those born in Leo, as they aim straight to their objectives, may seem arrogant; they do not mean to offend but to attain truth with firmness. There are just a few days after the new moon to get to your goals; after that, your ruler, the Sun, enters Pisces, weakening your progress. One proposition may be postponed. During the last few days of the month, renew your efforts.

VIRGO, August 23–September 22. Those born in Virgo learn with facility; they do not have to work at becoming knowledgeable. That is why you are impatient with slowness in others. Since your ruler, Mercury, has entered Pisces, passing the initiative to your partners, action is slow during the first week. Pressure will not be effective until the last week when Jupiter enters Capricorn in trine to your sign: good news.

LIBRA, September 23–October 22. Librans are given to change. They follow an idea with zest; but if reverses overtake them, they do not fret but give the same energy to a new project. Venus, your ruler, has now entered Aries, the sign of beginnings. You are on a fast track, your judgment is on trial; Aries's speed may be too fast for you. Late in the month an unexpected event may change your course; slow down to meet it.

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21. Never expect Scorpions to accept impositions; their sharp, collected mentality forbids it. Since you are prone to impose, you are quick to recognize this trait in others. Your ruler, Mars, now in slow Taurus may force you to change your pace. In dealing with others, it is best not to press the momentum. Jupiter's luck supports your dealings; the promise moves toward fulfillment at full moon.

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21. Though this sign is the sportsman of the zodiac, the sports that Sagittarians prefer do not include cruelty; their joy comes from chance and fun. Your ruler, Jupiter, now occupies Capricorn; you will take a serious attitude in business to gain security. Saturn now in your house of associates means the utmost is expected of you. Emotional involvements would be disappointing now.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20. Capricornians rely on tact and diplomacy to get justice from others. Since the new moon, your ruler, Saturn, has reentered Gemini; one of your plans may take another direction. If so, take time to adjust; don't force the issue. Messages at the end of the first week are unreliable. The full moon at the end of the month breaks the impasse; Jupiter (expansion) in your sign puts things right.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19. The evolved Aquarian places friendship high on the list of virtues, being more loyal in a friendship than in any other relationship. Even after a divorce, friendship is maintained. A few days before the full moon at the end of the month, Venus in Aries opposing your ruler, Uranus, in Libra will test a friendship of importance. If you would avoid this test, steer clear of confrontations.

PISCES, February 20–March 20. Pisceans love change. In moving about they have two motives: an escape from responsibility and a quest for an inspiring interest. Now, with your ruler, Neptune, in the traveling sign, Sagittarius, is a good time for you. At full moon, at the end of the month, a social contact brings the possibility of a business journey that could be remunerative as well as an opportunity for search.



*In 1910, Mrs. Marita Duffy smoked her first cigarette on the occasion of her fiftieth wedding anniversary.
Mr. Duffy began to wonder if he'd married the wrong girl.*



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

VOGUE HEALTH

Television disease; A TEST-BLESSED TOWN; HIGH SCHOOL FOR BABIES-TO-BE; THE UN-REAL FLU; NEW MEDICAL FINDS **BY MELVA WEBER**

Toddlers with hangovers can be the alarming products of too much television watching, in the opinion of Dr. T. Berry Brazelton, a pediatrician and author of the book *Infants and Mothers*. "One needs only to watch a toddler sitting in front of a television set," he told his colleagues, "—the drained face . . . motionless body, his start when an interfering stimulus breaks through his concentration—to realize the kind of attentional energy he is utilizing. . . ." Such wild emotional spending may leave the young viewer depleted, inclined to "screaming, thrashing, disorganized hyperactivity—evidences of disintegration of the ego mechanism." Further, the passivity developed while watching television extends to other areas as time goes on—a jolting thought in the light of this statistic: by the time an average child in the United States finishes high school, he has been exposed to eleven thousand hours of school and to fourteen thousand hours of television.

No more vaccination scars or scares—no more routine smallpox vaccinations: the United States Public Health Service has announced this policy change. Smallpox has been virtually wiped out in our country; but complications resulting from vaccinations have been severe for several hundred people each year; and there have been some deaths. A study of this medical evidence brought the new policy. Twenty-six states had laws requiring smallpox immunization; many already have repealed them, leaving a lot of American kids with one less "shot" to complain about. But travelers still must be wary; if you are traveling to one of the half-dozen countries that still have this infection, you will need a vaccination; and some other areas, e.g., West Africa and Brazil, require vaccination before you will be allowed to enter.

Pregnant teen-agers in Baltimore have public School No. 1 all to themselves and a team of doctors to provide prenatal care and counseling to keep them off the dropout/welfare/more-babies slide that dumps many young pregnant girls into hopelessness. Mrs. Vivian Washington, the school's principal, sold the idea to the board of education; Dr. Marvin Cornblath heads the group of doctors from the University of Maryland's department of pediatrics; together they provide the medical, social, and emotional bolstering these girls need. Murray Kappelman, a novelist-doctor member of the team, provided this picture of the typical unmarried pregnant teen-ager who is not given Baltimore's kind of help: she can be expected to remain on welfare and deliver eight more unplanned-for babies.

Stop breast feeding, said Dr. John A. Knowles of California's Alamo Medical Group, if you are taking a potent drug that could affect the baby, including radioactive products, steroids, anticoagulants, and anti-neoplastic agents. Discontinue nursing, at least temporarily, too, if you have had a dose of something toxic—such as mercury or lead—through some contamination mishap. Dr. Knowles also suggests that mothers who have strong family histories of cancer not breast feed their babies, at least until we know more about that disease. For the mother who is healthy and is not taking medication, Dr. Knowles is strongly *for* breast feeding: "safest and medically most desirable."

A town in a test tube: Framingham, Massachusetts—a town where four thousand residents have been taking part in long-range studies of heart disease, circulation, and diet for the last thirty years—nearly lost its nickname when cuts in the federal budgets stopped the research last fall. Now, foundations, industries, universities, government agencies, and Framingham residents have pitched in with contributions to keep the studies going. What will we all learn? Facts about physical factors that pass from one generation to the next, predicts Dr. Thomas Dawber of Boston University, new insights into arteriosclerosis and its relation to glaucoma, cataracts, osteoporosis. New health for family trees.

Un-real flu may be the real problem when you are plagued by diarrhea, cramps, and other miseries. The American Public Health Association has estimated that each year as many as ten million cases of "intestinal flu" or "virus" are actually bacterial food poisoning. The Association and the government's Center for Disease Control are pushing for better detection of food poisoning and correction of insanitary conditions in the restaurants and other eat-out facilities where Americans consume forty billion un-home-cooked meals every year.

You'll feel more natural using Delfen Contraceptive Foam.

Because it's easy to use. There's nothing to wear. Nothing to fit.

Delfen contains one of the most effective spermicidal ingredients in use today. And while no method of contraception can guarantee 100% effectiveness for all women, tests on thousands of women, plus the experience of hundreds of thousands of users, prove Delfen Foam to be highly effective for most women when used according to directions.

Delfen Contraceptive Foam or Cream. Available without prescription. Though many doctors recommend it.



Delfen.
Perhaps the most natural form
of birth control available.


VOGUE NOTEBOOK



Every night a gala night

Three gala evenings in a row in New York brought out some of the most attractive, interesting people in town. Each night was a premiere of the Sam Spiegel-Franklin J. Schaffner film for Columbia, *Nicholas and Alexandra*. Each night was to benefit a different charity: National Hemophilia Foundation, Project Hope, the Arthritis Foundation. At the openings:

1. Mrs. Charles Robb. . . .
2. Gov. and Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, junior. . . .
3. Miss Mazie Cox. . . .
4. Lady Weidenfeld with her son, William Meyer. . . .
5. Mrs. Harry Fitzgibbons. . . .
6. Mayor John V. Lindsay. . . .
7. Miss Anita Marston. . . .
8. Miss Susan Brody in tie-dye silk chiffon toga by Halston, Mr. William vanden Heuvel. . . .
9. Mr. Robert K. Massie, junior. . . .
10. Mrs. Charles Wrightsman. . . .
11. Mrs. Wyatt E. Cooper in belted sable over narrow black velvet. . . .
12. Mrs. William L. Hutton in black velvet. . . .
13. Mrs. John McKendry in fur on fur. . . .



For your gentlest mood, night-blooming Wisteria. \$13. (Sug. Ret.)
Crepresence® of Crepeset® nylon by Enka. At the nicest stores

Van Raalte

Because you love nice things.



Share

Share a bottle with a face you love.

Your boy friend. Your brother. Younger sister. Best friend. How about dear sweet dad.

Since you love these people, share your bottle of Ten-O-Six® Lotion.

Spread the wealth. Or at least spread the word.

How it keeps faces looking terrific. Because it's preventative medication.

How it cleans better than any ordinary soap. Unclogs pores and tightens them.

Because it's nothing like soap. It's a deep antiseptic cleanser.

How it helps clear up pimples and blemishes. Because it's an original

doctor's prescription that's been working for over 30 years now.

How it helps turn oily skin back to normal; problem skin back to smooth.

Ten-O-Six Lotion. That's a lot of love to give. And to receive.



Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion
for Honest Skin

Vogue's point of view



Who's that talking on the telephone of the Press Secretary to the President of the United States? A pretty blonde with a lot of nerve. And a lot of brains, and energy, and enterprise, and the right to use that telephone. Twenty-six-year-old Diane Sawyer is Ron Ziegler's assistant and one of the Whizz-ards you will meet in this issue. Whizz-ards are people who care about the way they look and what they do. They work for money or not for money; they take care of houses or children or businesses or hospitals or the arts, the sciences, the crafts, the earth with all its gaping areas where love translates into action. Whizz-ards have one thing in common: for them work is a life force, not a forced life. What they do is part of what they are, the gift of what they can do for their world. One downright selfish gift, too, for who profits most from jobs done well? The doers, of course. Whizz-ards—and they know it—always win.

IF *you* *work...* *if you* *don't...*

if Everybody does something, right? If not a job, then volunteer work. If not undergraduate work, then graduate ... or three classes a week at The Art Students League. Or you've just published the definitive rebuttal to The Female Eunuch—in which case, you will be on the Today show today, the Tonight show tonight. . . . Before that rolls around . . . we bring you, in these sixteen pages, the kinds of clothes you can get into every morning and feel easy, appropriate, and attractive in all day. Whatever your day. However busy . . . however long. . . .

Every woman is in communications. . . .

(Call your butcher. Broker.

Call restaurant for

lunch reservations—check:

can you come in pants? If so. . . .)

brown velveteen aviator jacket, navy shirt, checked pants—where pants work, this turnout of Calvin Klein's works like a dream. Other days, put the jacket over a skirt and follow your star. Anywhere. (See all the zippers? Pockets, pockets—for passports, tickets, currency, luggage-claim slips. With this jacket in your life, you can work days in New York, moonlight in Katmandu.) . . . This day, photographed at the Union Carbide Building in New York. Cotton velveteen jacket (Crompton fabric), about \$90; Dacron-and-cotton shirt, about \$26; Dacron-wool-and-linen pants, about \$36. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. . . . Wild Fire is what works for lips and nails here—one of L'Oréal's new darkish Hint of Wild colors, all of a luxe, gleamy nature (for hair of a similar description, the same company's Ultra Rich Instant Hair Conditioner has been known to work wonders). Franklyn Welsh coif. Accessories, next to last page.





What
works
for the woman
who works is
what greases the
wheels. . . . Get
yourself a good
housekeeper.
Hairdresser.
Masseuse. A
phone
in your car.
. . . Wear only
clothes you love
. . . white . . . suède
(get yourself
a good cleaner).

You owe your-
self the
practical luxe
of suède . . .

or, right, a sensational facsimile
thereof—like Halston's super-
supple beige trenchcoat. The
only un-suède thing about it: it's
water-repellent—put this coat in
your life and fire Crack Mete-
orologist. . . .

The non-uniform uniform, far
right: bamboo suède snap-front
vest and skirt . . . here with an
écru wool jersey shirt, wine stock
. . . other days, other ways. The
kind of personal, practical,
good-looking fashion we take
for granted from Bonnie Cashin.

Right: Coat, of Ultrasuede (polyester
and polyurethane) about \$450.
Brown wool jersey pants, about \$100.
Red cashmere scarf, about \$70. All,
available March at Bloomingdale's;
Martha; Palm Beach; Sakowitz; Gior-
gio. . . . Far right: Vest and skirt,
about \$196. Shirt, of Jasco Fabrics
double-knit wool jersey, about \$70.
Turnout, Bonnie Cashin for Philip
Sills. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field;
I. Magnin. Coifs: Lenny of Elizabeth
Arden. All accessory information,
next to last page of this issue.





i *f you work . . .
skip lunch sometimes.
Go to a museum.
Pop back home and
take the dog for
a run. Run yourself—
if you look
a tiny little bit
frantic, you can
jog through city
streets and no one
will guess—to the
world you're simply
a good-looking girl.
In a hurry.*

If your coat works, everything works

White mohair, *right*, from Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, that works because you're going to enjoy the dazzle of being in a white coat. And this is such an enjoyable one to be in—sharp, simple, no weight to it—something to pull on like a sweater, over anything, anywhere. A godsend, *far right*, in navy gabardine: Halston's marvelous polo coat with raglan sleeves—the most comfortable sleeve ever—even a little jacket works underneath.

Right: Of Anglo Fabrics wool and mohair, loomed in America, about \$130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan. . . . *Far right:* Of wool gabardine, about \$500. Beige wool jersey pants, about \$150. White cashmere scarf, about \$70. All, by Halston Limited. Next month, at Bloomingdale's; Martha, Palm Beach; Sakowitz; Giorgio. Kenneth wig, arranged by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.





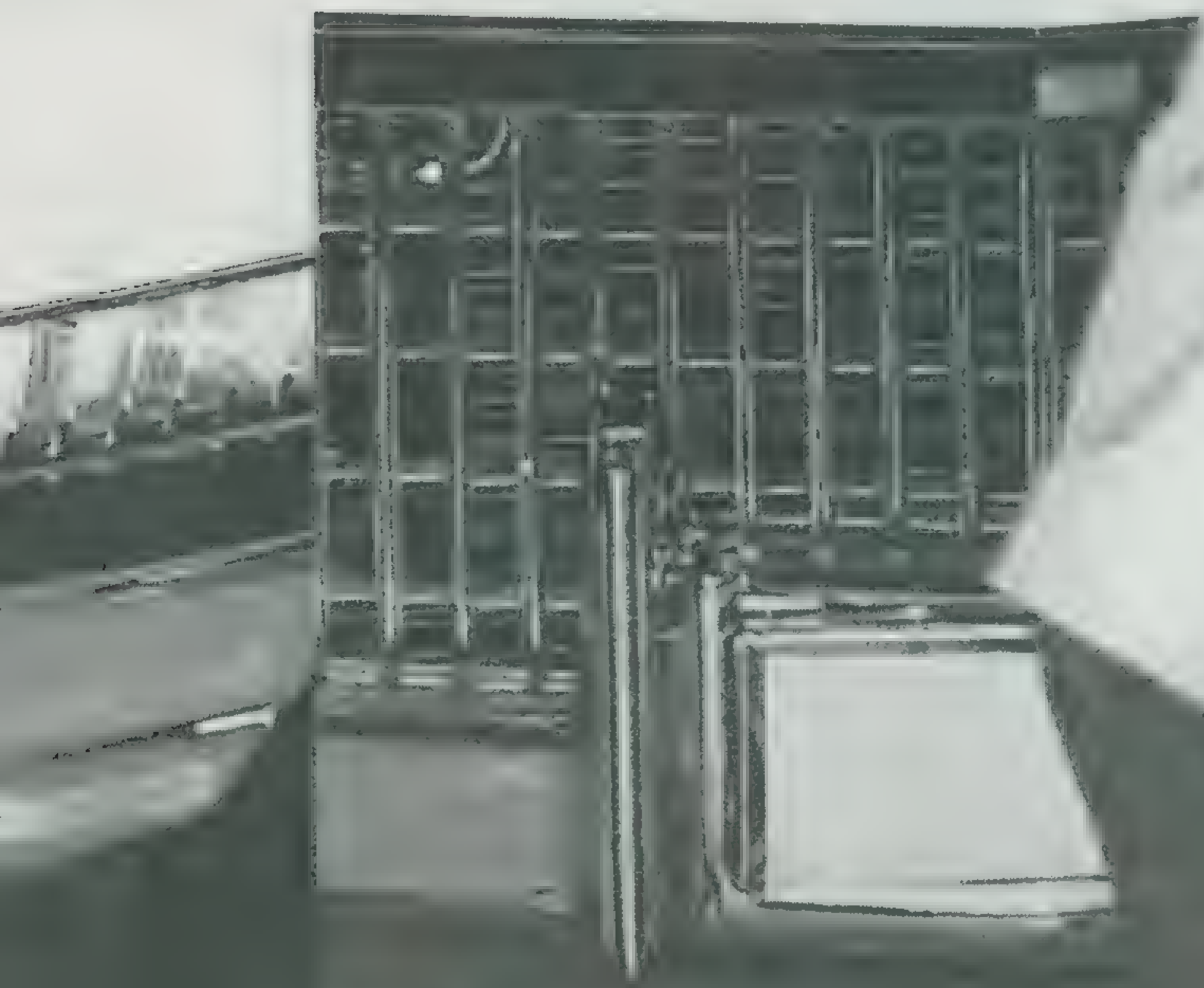
What
the woman who
works needs
more of—besides
more equal
opportunities with
men: More wigs
and hairpieces.
More vitamins. More
shoes . . . separates
. . . more clothes
in general . . .


More coats,
especially—they
get you where
you're going

A white coat, right—the star—the
lifter-upper for everyone and every-
thing. Just look at this double-breast-
ed Gino Paoli coat—the sashy,
swashy swing over pants—definitely,
a certain glamorousness there (let's
have more of that, by all means). . . .
A navy knit coat, center, from Jim
Baldwin for Young Elegant, so spick-
and-span with its red patent belt, a
little hat, touches of white—as easy
and turned out as it's possible to be.
. . . On a rainy day, far right—not
heaven but nifty rain gear will pro-
tect the working girl. Like Country
Sophisticates' khaki poncho and skirt,
zipped to beat the weather—up the
front, on the pockets. . . . New York
background: the General Motors
showroom, where everything in sight
will get you where you're going.

Right: White wool coat, \$150. At Martha;
Montaldo's. . . . Center: Of Duplex Inter-
national worsted, knitted in America.
About \$110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacob-
son's, Michigan; Gus Mayer. . . . Far right:
Poncho, \$40; skirt, \$20. Both, of water-
repellent polyester and cotton. At Wal-
lachs, N.Y.; Higbee's; Carson Pirie Scott;
Nordstrom Best. Franklyn Welsh coifs. All
accessories, next to last page of this issue.







Pecoutez:
a famous writer
said, "I only
like women with
jobs. They're
the interesting
ones."...Think
about it...



Legs are interesting in short skirts...rompers.

Rompers??? Romper, *left*—and exactly like being in a little black dress. But more interesting: over this Juliano Knits sweateery black button-front romper, goes a matching wrap skirt with buttons—the later it gets, the fewer you button. (Here, in the Paramount projection room, New York time is around seven.) . . .

The shirt-and-skirt dress, *right*—a white-top one from Nardis of Dallas, mocha pleats flirting around the knee. (And around Paramount...business as usual).

Left: Of wool knit, about \$70. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hutzler's. . . *Right:* Of Dacron, about \$68. At Altman's Coifs, François of Kenneth. All accessories, next to last page

i

*ie upon this
quiet life!
I want work."*
-W. Shakespeare



S

tripes at work...
depending on
what you do,
where you do it


Whatever, wherever — everybody's stripes, opposite page: an all-day-long-and-longer dress-and-jacket suit by Adri for Clothes Circuit, in black-and-white cotton-y jersey, black matte jersey top...

If you can be in pants, left — how great to be in Anne Klein's wide white ones with a thin black stripe, plus black shrink, black-white-and-orange silk stock shirt...very neat and discreet here, in the Paramount projection room (where men sometimes have glances for girls who wear pants-es — other times, for girls who wear skirts, as left).

Left: Stripes of cotton and polynosic, nylon jersey top. Jacket and dress, about \$110. At Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Swanson's; J.W. Robinson.... Right: Rayon pants, about \$74; knitted top (of triacetate, wool, and linen), about \$20; shirt, about \$60. All, at Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Both coiffures, by François of Kenneth. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.







Speak distinctly. Hear discreetly....
Be indispensable,
and see some fun in
work."—Vogue's Book
of Etiquette, 1929


The Indispensables' indispensables

The unlined suit, far left—smallest, most comfortable tailor's suit in the world. This one, by Friedrichs Sport for Henry Friedrichs, in double-faced banana-pale wool, over a shirt and sweater-vest. The knitted suit, left, relaxed as sweaters—Annamarie Gardin's in navy with white dots, a bias-y swing to the skirt, white crepe shirt underneath. The shirtdress you walk into, right: Anne Fogarty's button-front print—plum roosters on string-beige—all the easier for raglan sleeves (here, with a long-sleeved wine-red leotard and tights—*smooth*). Far left: Woolmark jacket and skirt, double-breasted, \$365 Bergdorf Goodman, Garment Co., Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin. Left: Acrylic knit suit (Sormani fabric), about \$145; rayon-acerate shirt, about \$38, Henri Bendel, Swanson's. Coifs by Franklyn Welsh. Both suits, photographed in the C.B.S. viewing room.... Right: Shirtdress, of polyester, cotton, and flax, about \$60. At Lord & Taylor, Hudson's, Stix, Baer & Fuller, Titche's, J.W. Robinson, Kenneth wig, arranged by François of Kenneth. Photographed at Chock Full O'Nuts, in New York.... All accessories, both pages, next to last page of this issue.



THIS SECTION
CLOSED





How to be rich, attractive, famous, successful, happy, loved...and THE BEST-PAID WOMAN in America: Mary Wells Lawrence

BY KATE LLOYD

Mary Wells Lawrence wakes up at 6:30 every weekday morning in her New York apartment and reads *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* from cover to cover. At 7:30 her secretary/friend/prod/timekeeper, Kathie Durham, a pretty, bright young woman who looks as sunny as a state-fair queen, appears to do the mail with Mrs. Lawrence. At 9:00 they arrive together at the advertising agency Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc., where Mrs. Lawrence, as chairman of the board, holds, she gladly agrees, the highest paid job held by any woman in the country.

In the cloudland of big money, it is almost impossible to mark precisely who makes exactly how much for what service. Putting aside performers such as Barbra Streisand and Lucille Ball and focusing on executives, we find the evidence suggests that Mrs. Lawrence is the woman who receives the largest remuneration directly attributable to her daily work.

Why? Because she is superbly good at what she does. But then, so are a lot of women who still feel the pinch of financial sex discrimination. Again, why? Because she understands money, is fascinated by it, knows what it will buy, and isn't shy about spending or receiving it. It's hard to discriminate against a woman, even a good-looking blonde with brown eyes and sexy legs, who knows as much about the company's business as the men do. She is, in fact, skilled with money and considers that her financial ability may be the strongest asset she brings to her agency: "Nobody puts his corporation's money into a woman's hands because he thinks she's cute."

"Mary can absolutely handle a meeting of financial analysts," a friend said. "She is a very rapid study, but not as much because of her early training for the theater as she might say. She has the antennae of a creature from another planet. People who don't like her say it's the instinct of a wild animal—but it's far more sensitive than that. She is a natural phenomenon of our generation, a woman peculiar to her time."

At Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc., the advertising and marketing services agency she started in 1966 with Richard Rich and Stewart Greene, Mrs. Lawrence, the wife of Harding Lawrence, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Braniff International airlines, works in an office that looks like an upstairs sitting room in a country house—a morning room. "I'm a morning person," she said rubbing her hands with a relish that would send trembles along a night-person's nerves. Her smallish office, peach-pink, polished, plumped with pillows, has open doors, a supreme view of New York, and, in faultlessly polished silver frames, at least three photographs of her husband who looks as powerful, handsome, and distinguished as a film-dream executive. The business world thinks of her as Mary Wells; she knows she's Mary Lawrence. There are

photographs of children, too (the Lawrences, between them, have five), and a framed drawing, once slipped by a daughter under her mother's door after some preschool indiscretion and showing a child crying: "Love is broak."

Where "love is broak" such a picture is rarely framed and kept. Mary Lawrence loves three things: her husband, her children, her work. She sees no reason to give priorities within the order of her commitments for, curiously but in fact, there is no great conflict of interest. She works until 8:00 in the evening ("more often 10:00 these days," Kathie said), goes home, has dinner in bed and falls asleep like a well-tended baby. But every weekend she flies to Dallas for two reclusive days with her husband—when he isn't in New York anyway on business—and to be with at least her two daughters if the other children are away at college.

Possibly because their weekdays are raised with people, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lawrence has any desire to entertain or be entertained: "We are almost antisocial on weekends. We see each other with joy—and more than most families do." And then, of course, Harding Lawrence is as busy as his wife is. They understand each other, they borrow each other's minds. They like the same manner of life, except that Mary drives her husband crazy by incessantly tearing things out of newspapers, magazines, anything in print. Words are her vitamins. Everything she reads or sees adds onto everything else and sooner or later enriches her work or her life. "She never turns off," Kathie said. Never switches her mind down to the oblivion of, say, an hour of *Ironside* while her unconscious rewinds . . . the excuse most men and women use for a cutout from daily care.

For Mary Wells Lawrence the noun "care" seems only to mean "a liking or regard for; an inclination to do something." Born in Ohio, she studied for the theater at The Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre in New York and spent two years at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. In 1950 she came to New York to work as an advertising copywriter. Now, as the head of a company that is presently billing at the annual rate of \$130,000,000 and has been growing at the rate of 30 percent a year, she will still close the door to the office hall; the door to Kathie Durham's small, chummily cluttered office; and the door to her large, handsome meeting-dining room and clobber out ideas on her non-electric typewriter.

Mary Lawrence sees and/or oversees all new campaigns. If there is trouble, she works on a campaign minute by minute like a doctor on a resuscitation. "In a service business," she said, "you must always be ready to jump. Time is not your own." In her rather soft and unmannered voice, she added, "But no two days or problems are (Continued on page 102)

MRS. LAWRENCE AT HER OFFICE DESK WITH ITS SILVER CUP
OF SHARPENED PENCILS AND, BESIDE IT, HER TRUSTY, NON-ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER

WHIZZ-ARDS



YOUNG, VITAL, EACH INTO HER OWN WHIRL, THEY KNOW WHAT THEY ARE DOING . . . AND LIKE IT

Whizz with kids—Cynthia Levitt, *above*, teaches a combined Head Start and nursery-school program at the Hudson Guild, a community center in New York's racially-mixed Chelsea district. "Dealing with young children is an incredible growth experience," she said. "They just confront you with yourself, in such a wide open way. You really have to understand your own motivations." . . . What motivates Cynthia, a warm, direct young woman with gentle, observant brown eyes, is a deep fascination with how children grow emotionally. Now in her fifth year of teaching—in Chicago, East Harlem, then Chelsea—she plans to go back to school next fall to work for a Ph.D. in child psychology. Meanwhile, her classroom—a rich, yeasty bubble of activities, many of them gloriously messy—provides "an environment where children can be free to develop themselves—to establish an identity."

Whizz in the White House—Diane Sawyer, *right*, photographed downwind from the White House, twenty-six, with blazing blue eyes and a voice to bridge troubled waters, is assistant to President Nixon's Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler. Her punch comes from having worked both sides of the fence, first at WLKY-TV in Louisville, Kentucky, where, on and off camera, she did everything—news, specials, even the weather—and now in Washington where she wants "to know as much as the reporters." About the President: "The nature of the President quiets any raw aggressiveness around him. He doesn't use his job to externalize his ego—he's more intellectual, more restrained, more objective than that." Under pressure, Diane Sawyer's strategy: "Keep smiling but know the answers."



4 WHIZZ-ARDS, *continued*

Reel Whizz-ard—
Susan Clark, thirty-three, a New Yorker with a slope of brown hair and see-all green eyes, here checking out a sequence from one of her new short films, is the coordinator of the Festival of Women's Films in April, the first in the world to show only films, old and new, made or directed by women. "Women usually get pushed into being script girls or editors. Their real creativity is only beginning to surface." Grabbing money from foundations, selecting films, and booking commercial houses for the screenings are a natural ricochet from Susan Clark's years studying art history, working in galleries, and editing films. "Movies used to be made for women. Now, we're making the movies."

Art Whizz-ard—

Paula Cooper, “I always knew what I wanted to do—work with contemporary artists.” She does. In her own Paula Cooper Gallery—5,000 square feet of clean, bright space in two old loft buildings adjoining each other in New York’s SoHo district—she handles eight major shows a year, often has two one-man shows going concurrently. “I had a difficult time getting started because people refused to take me seriously. You have to be terribly tenacious.”...The daughter of a Navy officer who was stationed abroad, she lived in Greece, Germany, France, Italy, Morocco, studying art history and “looking, looking, looking.”...Sundays and Mondays, when the Gallery closes, she has more time to spend with her husband, Neil, and two little boys. (“Neil is terrific—a tremendous support.”) Here, she holds sections of a many-sectioned painting by Gary Kuehn.



sleep myths

...a psychiatrist tells you how many hours you

Insomnia is a myth. This is the firm conviction of one psychiatrist who specializes in helping his patients get a good night's sleep. Unfortunately, almost all patients and many physicians treat this myth as a physical illness, according to Dr. Abraham Weinberg, co-founder of the Sleep Therapy Center and Director of Psychiatric Services at the Morton Prince Clinic for Hypnotherapy in New York City.

"I can't sleep" is one of the most frequent complaints that patients bring to their physicians, Dr. Weinberg said. Only too frequently, the doctor's answer to the problem is a "sleeping pill," a barbiturate or a tranquilizer, which may only add to the patient's troubles. In 1971, more prescriptions for these two kinds of drugs were written and filled in the United States than for all other prescription drugs combined.

"Everybody sleeps some of the time, and most people get all the sleep they physically need," Dr. Weinberg believes. "The patient who tells me that he lies awake night after night without closing his eyes may actually believe what he says. However, unless he is afflicted with an exceedingly rare organic brain disease which would produce other and more painful symptoms than sleep disturbance, this patient is kidding himself. Insomnia (i.e., total inability to sleep) is nonexistent as a medical condition."

This does not mean, however, that people don't suffer because they find it difficult to fall asleep and to stay asleep. Lying in bed

with a sleep problem, we start by separating myth from fact."

Myth #1: Everybody *needs* eight (or six or seven or ten) hours of sleep at night.

Fact: Sleep needs vary from individual to individual. Some people get along very well with two hours of sleep at night, but they usually take brief catnaps during the day. Eleanor Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, for instance, used to amaze their friends and families by working days and nights on end with very little sleep. However, both reported that they usually slept during the day, from ten minutes to an hour at a time, on planes, trains, or just sitting relaxed in a chair.

Myth #2: Everybody sleeps better at night.

Fact: Body rhythms vary from person to person. There really are day people and night people. Of course, when a "night" woman lives with a "day" man, both may have problems adjusting to each other's schedules. The same is true if a "night" mother has a "day" baby. However, an individual can condition himself or herself to adjust body rhythms through a series of mental exercises which we will discuss later.

Myth #3: If a person is constantly exhausted during the day, he or she needs more sleep at night.

Fact: The reverse may be true. Daytime fatigue is most frequently caused by anxiety, depression, or boredom. These same feelings may also be causing sleep disturbances. The solution to the problem is not to prescribe medication so the patient will fall asleep (only to wake up just as unhappy as before), but to help him or her overcome those negative attitudes and emotions that cause fatigue. What many of these patients need most of all is to learn to relax.

Myth #4: If for any reason we get fewer hours of sleep than we are accustomed to, we need to "catch up," with extra sleep.

Fact: It's impossible to "catch up," nor do we need to do so. If we are more tired than usual we will probably sleep longer or more deeply. However, there is no need to worry about "lost sleep." The body will take care of itself,

without any conscious planning on our part.

Myth #5: If we concentrate hard enough on making ourselves go to sleep, we will probably succeed. Anyone with enough willpower will be able to force himself to drift off.

WHEN A "NIGHT WOMAN" LIVES WITH A "DAY MAN" BOTH MAY HAVE PROBLEMS

Fact: Trying to "force" sleep is a prescription for sleeplessness. Sleep is a natural involuntary function of the body, like breathing. If we think about and plan for every breath we take, we'll soon be quite breathless. If we try to *will* ourselves to sleep, we'll probably lie awake most of the night. Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson made exactly the same discovery about sexuality, incidentally. They found that most sexual dysfunctions could be directly related to anxiety about sexual performance; i.e., the man who worried most about his potency was a candidate for impotence, and the woman who frantically reached for orgasm usually could not come to climax. The Masters and Johnson therapy system consists mainly of allaying these "performance fears" and thus allowing natural sexual feelings to take over. Sleep therapy is very similar. Once a patient learns to stop worrying about going to sleep and staying asleep, his sleep dysfunction will probably disappear.

Myth #6: What we need most is deep dreamless sleep.

Fact: "Dreaming sleep" is deepest, and is apparently necessary to the physical and emotional well-being of all human beings. Scientific investigation has shown that during periods of dream-sleep, a person's eyes move rapidly, possibly in order to scan the dream scene; therefore this type of sleep is called REM (for rapid eye movement) sleep. REM periods occur in almost every sleeping episode for several minutes at a time. However, we usually cannot remember our REM dreams because they are too deeply buried in our subconscious mind. The dreams we remember (including

Myths cause more sleep problems than illness

every night, rigid and tense, wishing and waiting for relaxation and drowsiness, can be psychologically painful, and physically exhausting. In Dr. Weinberg's view, this common kind of misery is also totally unnecessary.

"Almost everyone has been conditioned to accept a series of myths about sleep," he said. "These myths cause more sleep problems than physical illness. When a person comes to me

Exploded

need...and how to get them

BY ELLEN SWITZER

the nightmares that frighten us) occur during lighter sleep periods, usually just before we wake up.

Myth #7: A person who sleeps deeply does not move. Any kind of movement shows restlessness and sleep disturbance.

Fact: No one "sleeps like a log." We all move while we are sleeping. We roll our heads and bodies; we may kick and stretch our arms. This is natural and inevitable and does not indicate any kind of sleep disturbance. Incidentally, babies are more active sleepers than adults. For years mothers have worried unnecessarily when their children rolled their heads or made rhythmic movements during sleep. This, too, is natural and normal, and requires no treatment of any kind.

Myth #8: Everyone who suffers from "insomnia" really wants to be cured.

Fact: A great many people use sleeplessness to control their environment, and do not wish

they are deeply afraid that they will never wake up again. Such people often need therapy before they can overcome their death fears.

Myth #9: Barbiturates and other drugs will help us to sleep better.

Fact: Barbiturates may actually interfere with REM sleep, which all of us need most. They will make us drowsy and usually help us drop off to sleep; however, since they interfere with natural body rhythm, they may keep us sleeping lightly. This is one of the reasons why many people who take barbiturates have nightmares and wake up suddenly in a state of acute anxiety. Barbiturates are dangerous, not only because they are addictive, but because a person who suddenly wakes up may not be totally rational and conscious. In order to overcome anxiety, such a person may take more of the drug to get back to sleep. The safety factor for barbiturates is very slim. A small overdose (especially in combination

anywhere, anytime.

In Dr. Weinberg's experience, the first and most important step for the sleepless person is to stop thinking "sleep" and to start thinking "relaxation." Remember, we cannot "will" ourselves to sleep, but we can "will" ourselves to relax. Once a state of conscious relaxation has been achieved, Dr. Weinberg suggests the following steps:

1. Look upward, towards the ceiling, hard enough to put a *slight* strain on your eyeballs.
2. Next, focus your eyes inward as well as upward, as if you were trying to look at the bridge of your nose. Keep breathing naturally.
3. Allow your eyelids to close slowly.
4. Count backwards from ten to one, in rhythm with your breathing.
5. At the count of one, take a very deep breath, and let it out slowly.
6. Let your whole body go limp and loose. You are relaxed enough if you feel that you can barely lift an arm or a leg. Enjoy this feeling for a few moments.
7. With your eyes still closed, imagine yourself asleep under the most pleasant and relaxed circumstances possible. Some people think of lying in a green field beside a running brook. Others imagine themselves on an ice-cold starry night, with snow all around, wrapped in a warm fur rug and riding in a sled. Still others think of themselves as floating on a cloud over New York City. The scene you imagine may seem like something out of a Walt Disney movie or a Norman Rockwell magazine cover, but you're not creating great art, you're trying to relax. It's even possible to program dreams for yourself through these imaginary scenes, Dr. Weinberg says. In your dream you may find yourself in the setting you thought about just before you drifted off to sleep.

It's impossible to "catch up"

to give up this control. "Insomnia" can be used as a cop-out; as an excuse for bad temper and poor performance. The woman who says, "I can't make love because I'm always tired from lack of sleep," may be using her sleep dysfunction as a way of avoiding intimacy. The man who insists that he makes mistakes in his work because he can't sleep, may also be using his sleep problem as a convenient excuse for carelessness. There are people who insist that others must excuse their errors and take care of them because they are crippled by lack of sleep. In *Games People Play*, psychiatrist Eric Berne called this kind of behavior "Wooden Leg" . . . the analogy being: "What do you expect from a man with a wooden leg?"—meaning, "What do you expect from poor little me when I can't sleep?"

There are others with a more deep-seated problem. They equate loss of consciousness during sleep with permanent loss of consciousness: death. They simply cannot let go and drift off to sleep because, unconsciously,


with alcohol) may cause death. Therefore, anyone who takes barbiturates for medical reasons should never leave a bottle of pills next to his bed. If the pills are in the bathroom medicine cabinet and the patient has to get out of bed and walk into another room in order to find them, he will probably wake up sufficiently to be conscious of what he is doing. Many apparent overdose suicides are really accidents that could have been avoided by removing the pills from the bedside, or, preferably, not becoming dependent on such drugs at all.

Myth #10: If drugs are bad medicine for sleep problems, the person with a sleep dysfunction has few alternatives except to hope that somehow the problem will clear up by itself.

Fact: A person can be consciously educated to achieve better habit patterns which will lead to sound and restful sleep. A simple series of mental conditioning exercises will help most people to get the sleep their bodies need,

**STOP THINKING
"SLEEP"**

8. Open your eyes and stay relaxed. The chances are you will go from drowsiness to a deep sleep without (Continued on page 104)



Day 1. **THE DO**—done up
for a big evening.
Hair swept off the neck
...one side folded
softly over the other
and pinned...
like a full crescent.

hair: THE DO THAT DOES YOU ALL WEEK

It's going to be (let's say) One of Those Weeks. 25 hours in every day, and Murphy's Law proving out in every one. Lunch dates cancelled. At least two absolutely non-cancellable dinners. . . . Somewhere in the middle of this week, it would be nice to get your hair done; but, in fact, you won't even have the time to shampoo it yourself. . . . Courage. On these six pages, a survival plan. What you need: a hairbrush, an electric comb, a few hairpieces. And most of all—first of all—and preferably a week before your hair is called on to prove itself: A first-rate cut. That accomplished, a good set does the rest—which François of Kenneth, man in charge here, defines as follows: "You must use the best setting lotion . . . not sticky or gummy . . . one with protein. Small amounts of hair on lots of rollers . . . a whole headful, all touching each other. Brushing's important—and brushing always against the way you wear your hair. If you part it on the right, brush left; if you wear it back from the forehead, brush forward." . . . If you work . . . if you don't . . . if this doesn't do you all week, nothing will.

Opposite: Bill Blass point d'esprit dress, shown again, page 80. Estée lauder compact. . . . This page: Missoni separates, again, pages 58-59. Natural-bristle brush by Kent. Accessories, next to last page.



Day 2. Same head of hair the morning after —brushed (above), brushed out (right), easy and bouncy.



Day 3.

Pressure-cooker day. Head above water: same hair, same set as on previous page—this time, side parted, sleeked back, ears bared. The electric comb, below, does it—for day, for evening (all you add is a little dazzle).



This page: Black wool-and-silk crochet tunic by Adolfo. About \$275. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue. Borghese compact, Remington Mist-Air Hot Comb....Right: Cortefiel de Espana trenchcoat, of cotton poplin. About \$75. At Bonwit Teller; Stern & Mann; Adrien 'n Emilie; Joseph Magnin. Kenneth wig. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

HAIR: THE DO THAT
DOES YOU ALL WEEK


*Day 4.
Just when you thought
nothing else could
happen: Rain....
Wig to the rescue—
and bangs for a change.*



HAIR: THE DO THAT
DOES YOU ALL WEEK

Day 5. *The Day even good hair
begins to signal for help.
For body. For shampoo.
...The day you're saved by
a hairpiece (this one,
chin-length, brushed behind
the ears, attaches at the crown).*





Day 2 *Tomorrow the
hairstylist.
Tonight the fall-
long and thick.
Your own hair parted
into bangs in front,
the rest combed
back over the fall
and held with
an ivory oval.*

Day 7

Hairdresser!

Left: Suit, Friedrichs Sport
for Henry Friedrichs (see
page 40). Kenneth hair-
piece....Right: Edith Imre
fall. Hair buckle by Elsa
Peretti for Halston, to
order at Halston Limited.
Other accessories, next
to last page this issue.



WORKING PLAN FOR THE WOMAN WHO WORKS

Ten to six. . . . Eight to eight. . . . Five days a week. . . . Six. If you work, the one thing you don't have is time on your hands. But you do have a lot of other things going for you: you're involved, active, on the go, interested and interesting . . . you know what's happening in the world around you. You're part of it. And you want to look that way. What it takes to succeed without too much trying is a little planning, a little thought, a little help in the right places. . . .

Everything's in the bag, above—everything this busy stock-broker needs for quick office touch-ups and five o'clock repairs. And that's the way every working woman works today—out of her handbag. Most beauty essentials come in handy purse-size miniatures, some even come together in ready-made kits. If your favorites don't, make one using tiny plastic bottles and jars. And don't forget to tuck in a good mirror. . . . **Start your own transit strike:** Walk to work—at least part of the way. Great for getting a work day going. For easing tension at end of same. Or try biking the distance (terrific for toning legs and thighs). . . . **Don't just munch at lunch:** Give up that sandwich-at-the-desk routine (it's too fattening anyway; you should be into

health foods, salads, or high-protein snacks the Vogue Super Diet way). Spend noontime at a dance or exercise class. Discover a new boutique, book store, art gallery, or revisit a museum, the library. . . . Be organized. **Make standing appointments**—lunchtime, right after work, early Saturday mornings—for your hair, for a manicure, for a facial. Keep them. . . . **Simplify.** When you do your makeup in the morning, it should take only minutes—aim for ten. Practice, using an egg-timer to clock yourself. Have an easy-to-manage hairdo (see previous six pages). . . . **Come to a full stop:** turn on soothing music, lie down—wonderful for calming nerves, picking up spirits. . . . **Be good to yourself.** **Everything works,** right: the bright red cashmere turtleneck and gloves work like a flash with the white suède jacket. Big glasses work against sun and soot. . . . And makeup that works for you: fast, easy-to-put-on color that lasts through the busiest day—new Minute Roll-On Cheek Color, here in Cheeky Peach with Stage D'Or lipstick. Both: Helena Rubinstein. Jacket, about \$400; sleeveless sweater, about \$65. Both: Halston Limited. Available March, at Bloomingdale's; Martha, Palm Beach; Sakowitz; Giorgio. Renauld sunglasses. Watch by Piaget, at Van Cleef & Arpels. Franklyn Welsh coif. . . . This page: Bueche-Girod watch. Tiffany bracelet. Other accessories, next to last page, this issue.






THE STARS

Vogue's report
on the 12 top designers
in the European
ready-to-wear—what's new,
great, and here now




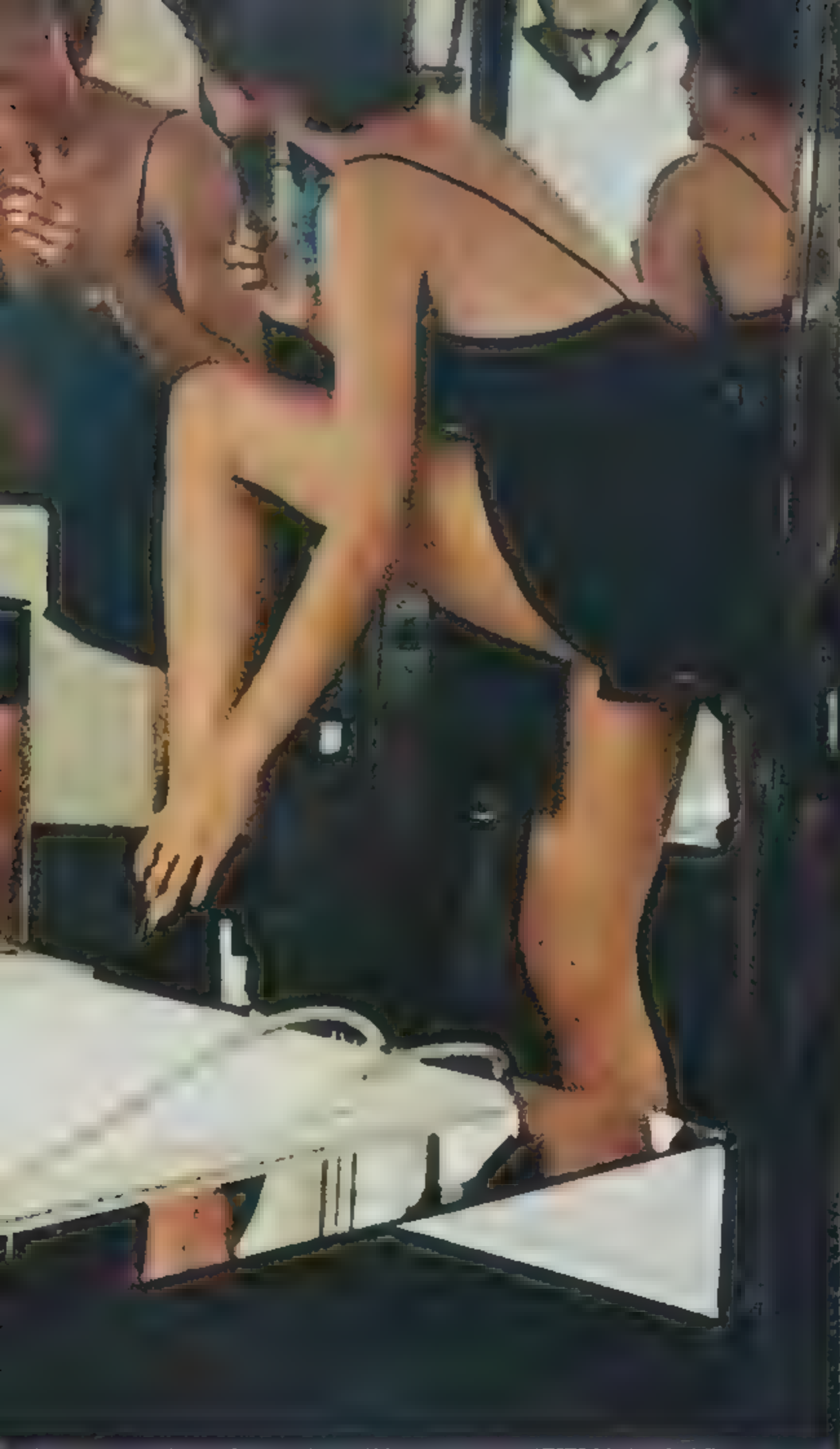
Ready from Italy **MISSONI**

**The knits to
end all knits
—soft, bias-y
—the fit of them is
fantastic! . . . Brighter
colors. And such colors—the
essence of green, red, yellow . . .**



Layers of checks, near left—"There are no seasons," says Rosita Missoni, "just layers you put on and take off." Here, in bright green and white: tank top, shirt, floppy skirt—a little shorter than it would have been last year (Rosita is definitely telling us something). . . . Wool shirt (about \$46), tank top (about \$35), and skirt (about \$55). Rings: K.J.L. and Robert Zentall. Gamma watch. **Dolman sleeves**, far left, short ones, snug to the arm on a red top—"a deep sleeve feels so free and comfortable, especially at home"—so here we are, in casa, with a long knit skirt in waves and circles of red, blue, green. . . . Rayon-and-wool top (about \$55) and skirt (about \$90). Jewelry, Van Cleef & Arpels. Burlington tights, Famolare sandals. **Everybody's doing something wonderful with pants**—see above: Missoni's écru turnout with ribbed cuffs, ribby chopped-sleeve jacket over a navy-and-écru striped pull. . . . Wool jacket and pants (about \$150) and pull (about \$28). Hat, Jacqueline for Genesis. Donald Stannard bracelets. Phoenix tights. Shoes, Tony the Shoemaker. All Missoni turnouts, Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Coifs, François of Kenneth.





Ready from Paris

CHLOË

From designer Karl Lagerfeld, the clearest picture you can see of the feminine—and yes, sexy—mood permeating French fashion today. . . .

The new dancing dress, above—just a slip of a thing, a spectacularly cut snippet of black silk mousseline, the hemline scissored up on the sides to show even more of some beautiful legs, a blue flower on one thread-wide lingerie strap. About \$265. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin.

The newest dinner suit, right—jack-
et and peter-pan-collared vest all scalloped and curvy, of the crispest, crustiest snow-white piqué—the icing to a pair of black crêpe pants. Add a camellia corsage and no one can stop you. . . . Abraham crêpe. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

The most feminine way you can look in a pants turnout, far right—tailored to the hilt for day in delicious patterns of camellia-pink and creamy-white wool. Add a deep-dish scalloped linen-y straw hat, a pink carnation corsage, little white scalloped mitts—the way designer Karl Lagerfeld did—the wave of femininity will conquer all. Wool turnout (Agnona fabric), at Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves, Neyret. Coifs, Jean-Louis David.







Ready from Paris

SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE

Yves Saint Laurent's bare midriffs... his new soft, sexy approach

A delectable daytime summer pyjama, above—sheer cotton voile printed in two sizes of old-fashion garden roses. You wear it like this, shoulders pulled down, filmy sleeves fluttering—and you think Lolita-ly—it's that sheer, but opaque... the feeling that you're just wearing a whisper. . . . Pants, \$72; midriff, \$51.

Two of Yves's daytime pants turn-outs, right—tailored, true, but as soft, cozy as pyjamas. The one on the left in beige poplin, bare-midriff shirt-top, pants on a drawstring, \$85. Right, the beige-and-brown-check pants and shirt, elasticized at the waist—the poplin windbreaker is, too. Pants, \$42; shirt, \$42; jacket, \$90.

Yves's siren slink, far right—a knockout dinner dress of scarlet matte jersey—the top down off the shoulders, the deep sleeves starting under the breasts and tapering into the wrists, the gathered skirt hanging on the hipbone. If you have the figure, it's potent stuff (as is Rive Gauche, Yves's sexy modern perfume). Rayon matte jersey dress, \$163. . . . All of these clothes, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Kaufmann's; Sakowitz; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. All accessories by Saint Laurent. Hair combed by Jean-Louis David. . . . Both pages photographed in the apartment of Marie-Bernadette Raimbault.









Ready from Paris

SONIA RYKIEL

***Sportsy, luxe-y . . .
feminine . . . every girl
small and rounded like
a Tanagra figurine. . .***

The things she does with white, far left—snazzes it up, keeps it pristine. Sticks cherries on the beret . . . a flitter of glitter at the wrist . . . on the front of the long-sleeve pull. This she wraps in a short-sleeve poodle-y jacket over above-the-ankle knit pants . . . with a flirt of white below. . . . Jacket, of acrylic (Borg fabric), about \$60. Pullover and pants, of wool and angora; each, about \$75. All, at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

And how about pinky, left—have you ever seen anything so cuddly-kitten soft and curvy? The puff of marabou jacket barely closing in front . . . over skin . . . and shorts. . . . Jacket, about \$80; the shorts of fibranne, about \$45. Both, at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

Layers of sweaters, above, snug downy ones—like nothing on. Blue over blue-and-white stripes . . . short sleeves rolled over long. Sonia belts them with a white plastic tape. Adds a striped vest. Blue jersey pants. Mohair beret . . . avec cerises. . . . Wool-and-angora long-sleeve sweater, about \$52. Mohair pull, about \$45, and vest, about \$50. Pants, about \$75. All, Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Sandals, Tilbury. Coifs, Jean-Louis David. Photographed in the apartment of Marie-Bernadette Rimbault.





Ready from Italy

VALENTINO BOUTIQUE

That special thing of his—the little touch of softness somewhere to make a woman very pretty. The feeling of luxury. Of being really dressed . . .

His kind of separates, opposite page, left: sweater, shirt, skirt in mixed patterns of black and white, very pulled together, very Valentino luxe. Silk dots, silk stripes, with a white wool cardigan and that feminine thing of a fresh white camellia at the neck. . . . Bordogna silk. Shirt, about \$130; cardigan, about \$240; skirt, about \$120.

The Valentino pants suit, opposite page, right—strict, But: with that prettiness, that softness . . . a certain glamour. . . . All black and white—striped silk shirt, scarf, little wool sweater, polka-dot cotton pants. . . . Formenti silk; Taroni cotton. Shirt, about \$85; sweater, about \$60; pants, about \$70.

Silk shirtdress, this page—the neatness of pattern, the prim white cuffs and collar, big floppy bow. And one of his short, small steward's jackets in navy cotton to put over it. . . . Gunetti cotton. Jacket, about \$180; dress, about \$360. Turnouts, both pages: Martha; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Coifs, both pages: Jean Louis David. Fleetwood Cadillac.





Ready from Paris

GIVENCHY NOUVELLE BOUTIQUE

**... that special little turn
he gives to the simplest
things ... the correctness
and luxury.**

The smock-tunic pants suit, far left, of polished mocha chambray—one of the prettiest things at Givenchy; the top belted over straight pants and slung with marvelous necklaces. Turnout of polyester and cotton. About \$215. Available March, Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; J. P. Allen; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz. Necklaces by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman. Donald Stannard ring. Coif: François of Kenneth. Makeup by Givenchy, and the perfume that's part of the picture—Givenchy III.

The printed blue denim suit, left—fresh flowered denim—delicious. With a brown-blue-and-white striped T-shirt belted in white and that nifty hat lined in the same denim print, shadowing Givenchy's big goggle-eye sunglasses. Cotton suit, about \$255; acrylic T-shirt, about \$40. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; J. P. Allen; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz; Bullock's Wilshire.

His baby safari suit, above: beige canvas pants and little short-sleeved jacket. Same T-shirt as at left, only this time showing below the jacket. Jacket and pants, of polyester and cotton. About \$145. Available March at Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; J. P. Allen; Sakowitz. This page: accessories by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman. Coifs by Jean Louis David.





Ready from London **JEAN MUIR**

... her unique way of manipulating voluminous amounts of silky stuff so that a dress is never heavy or bulky but small-boned, feminine—a slithery, sinuous flow of fabric against the body.

*Look at the way she handles the deep dolman sleeve, far left—in silk georgette, teamed with a skirt of crêpe de Chine in the same mosaic print. At the waist, a suède belt with a hand-painted enamel buckle designed for Jean Muir by Kaffe Fassett. About \$355. End of Feb., Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; Country Club Fashions. **Slate-blue matte jersey**, left—the back slipping down from a yoke, the sleeves cutting out from, almost, the waist. About \$275. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz. Both heads, wrapped in Jean Muir's close turbans of matching fabrics and coiffed by Jean Louis David. Makeup by Yardley.*





Ready from Italy

WALTER ALBINI

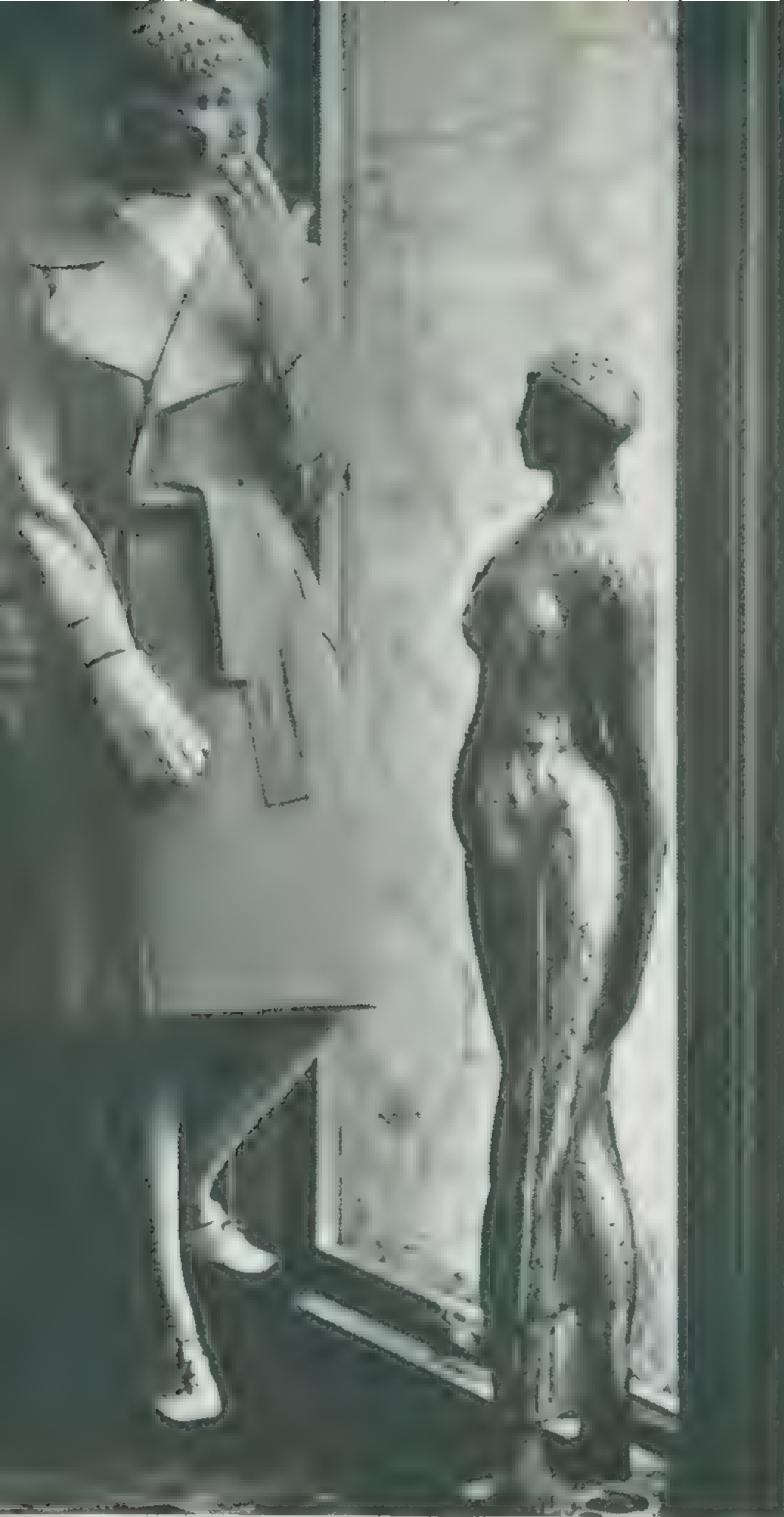
New man with an easy modern hand—a star on the rise . . .

Flag colors, flags flying, far left: Albini's sparkler halter top plus jacket and easy belted pants of the supplest blue silk jersey; a terrific look that leaves you nice and bare when you take the jacket off. Misterfox by Walter Albini. About \$495. At Henri Bendel. The makeup, by Gil of Max Factor. **Evening Albini,** near left: fresh and flirty, this little white piqué weskit with a polka-dot flower on one bare shoulder and a long gored skirt of black-and-grey cotton. Misterfox by Walter Albini. About \$125. At Henri Bendel; Country Club Fashions. Here and left: the Marchese and Marchesa Giovanni Verusio de Ceglie's Rome apartment decorated by Colin Morrow.

MIRSA

Those fabulous Italian knits . . .

The sailor suit, above: right on this year's nautical wave, a navy wool knit jumpsuit with a huge midy collar and all that sexy bareness in back, not to mention a big navy beret and those sexy extra-high-heeled sandals. Marchesa di Grèsy for Mirsa. About \$110. At I. Magnin; Creed's of Toronto. Sandals by Mario Valentino. Coifs, both pages, by Gerardo of Sergio Valente.



Ready from Paris

DIOR

Two superb town turnouts. Above: In putty-color gabardine—a coat that's just swashbuckling enough, sashed smartly in at the waist. Under it, a neat tailored skirt of matching fabric—add a sweater, it's a perfect town look. Wool coat and skirt (Dormeuil fabric) and pull, by Miss Dior. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes: Dior. . . .

Near right: Marc Bohan's pants turnout—cropped coat of white wool, natty grey-and-white pinstripe pants, mustard suède vest, black-and-white pin-dot silk shirt and scarf. Coat (Moreau fabric), jersey pants, crêpe de Chine shirt (Leonard fabric), and vest, all by Dior Boutique. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

UNGARO

His pants turnout, center right—black and white, sharp and graphic, in the combination of patterns that he's famous for: window-pane check jacket, stripe pull, polka-dot scarf. The black pants have front buttons. Cotton jacket, pants: (about \$185) and pullover, all at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Scarf, by Ungaro.

TIKTINER

The pants turnout in blazing clean white, far right—great new look for the city streets. Made of double-faced wool gabardine and shown here with an ivory crêpe de Chine shirt, tie. All, about \$400. Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Carita coifs. Photographed at Moulin des Corbeaux, the house of M. Yves Vidal, president of Knoll International.





PEOPLE ARE *talking* ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . President Nixon's visit to China, part reality politics, part Marco Polo, and part Western rainbow-chasing. . . . The magnificent exhibition of Henri Matisse's entire sculptural work, seventy pieces in all, opening February 22 at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. . . . Joan Rivers's jabs at political men from her failed but funny play *Fun City*: "I know why John Lindsay is running for President—he wants to get out of New York." And, "Ralph Nader. He doesn't have a sex life. No girl is built right for him."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The publication of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's diaries, *Bring Me a Unicorn: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1922-1928*, the touching impressions of a shy, rather conventionally intelligent adolescent girl, suddenly galvanized by her meeting in 1927 with Charles Lindbergh at the American Embassy in Mexico City where her father, Dwight Morrow, was serving as ambassador. In her introduction, Mrs. Lindbergh reflects, with mind-jarring implications for her generation, on the price of being privileged: how much had passed her by in those years and how little she knew of the world in which she lived.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The survey, just published, conducted by the Radcliffe Institute in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1968, before the great impact of Women's Lib, that shows, surprisingly, that education, background, and economic status have little to do with how "liberated" women are, and that women with both traditional and current views are proud of themselves as wives and mothers but differ in their views of themselves as homemakers. . . . Vladimir Ashkenazy, perhaps the most brilliant of the younger pianists, performing with Itzhak Perlman, the extraordinary violinist, a rare match, at Hunter College in New York, February 20. . . . Paul Newman and Lee Marvin, grizzled brawn and beauty, in their new movie *Pocket Money*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The suggested link of prenatal sex hormone levels and intelligence, a startling new connection suggested by the research of John W. Money at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Baltimore. . . . The spitfire provocation of sculpture by Anthony Caro, the tremendously influential British sculptor, on view February 19 at the André Emmerich Gallery in New York. . . . The new album by comedian Lily Tomlin, *And That's the Truth*, featuring her sinister moppet-guru Edith Ann.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . John Gruen's straight-on book of 'fifties memoirs, *The Party's Over Now*, with some freewheeling interviews with the figures who made New York the art capital of the world. . . . The new season for the City Center Joffrey Ballet, the most innovative ballet company in America, starting February 23 in New York. . . . Roy A. Medvedev's astonishing book about Joseph Stalin and the big lie, *Let History Judge*, the first comprehensive view of one of the most mysterious and oppressive periods of history, and Stalin's early-on telegram of 1918 to the government of the Ukraine: "Enough playing at a government and a republic. It's time to drop that game; enough is enough." . . . The mud bed, stepchild of the water bed, heated electrically, designed by Dr. James B. Reswick, an engineer.

LIZA MINNELLI

"all singing, all dancing, all woman," right, with her vampire-wing eyelashes and whooping laugh, is on top of the world, a huzzah success in Paris with her music-hall act, and now a real star as Sally Bowles in the movie version of the Broadway hit musical *Cabaret*. The film *Cabaret* is much more like the Christopher Isherwood stories about Berlin in the 'thirties than the stage musical was, with Sally Bowles, green fingernail polish and all, her old decadent self. Of her new incandescent self, Liza Minnelli said: "Gosh, I love my life in Paris. I have to pinch myself and say, 'It's me, it's me. With real duchesses and queens and princesses.' My father [director Vincente Minnelli] gave me Paris with his stories when I was a child. I must have been reading Colette when I was four. I know it sounds crazy, but all this came the hard way. But now, I've got it. I love it." Next, a film about Zelda Fitzgerald, directed by her father.



Lost Paradise

"THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS," DE SICA'S NEW
FILM THAT STRIKES A BARGAIN WITH HISTORY

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Films do a number of things for their audiences; and one of them, it would seem, is providing a means by which people come to terms with their experience. Often it takes time to strike a bargain with history. The impact may have been too shattering, the memory too shameful. It has taken Europeans a long time to begin to come to terms with Fascism. Now, a generation after the Second World War, European movies are offering a series of inquiries into the ghastly past.

The Damned, *The Conformist*, *Le Chagrin et la Pitié* (above all), and *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*: three of these four films are Italian. I am not quite clear why Italians seem more prepared than Germans or Frenchmen to explore the Fascist experience. Is it because Fascism in Italy was a more superficial thing than Nazism in Germany, less close to the marrow of the nation? Yet Italy had twenty-three years of Mussolini and Germany only twelve of Hitler.

In any case, Vittorio De Sica, after a succession of perfunctory and even rather shoddy films, has returned to earlier form and made a careful and quietly effective version of Giorgio Bassani's novel of some years back. The Finzi-Continis are a family of aristocratic Jews in Ferrara, and their garden is the symbol of their lives, secluded, protected, serene, lovely. The year, as the film starts, is 1938. Mussolini, aping Hitler, has just begun his own program of racial legislation.

The Finzi-Continis respond by throwing open their garden. For a season it swarms with young people, Jewish and non-Jewish, playing tennis and relaxing on the lawn. They are cheerful and oblivious, ignoring the shadow across their lives. But the shadow falls more and more insistently. Soon it is 1940, and Italy joins the war. Jews are forbidden military service. Giorgio, a student from a middle-class Jewish family, reads in the Finzi-Contini library and falls in love with Micol, the daughter of the house.

The garden is more than ever the center of life. Micol welcomes, then rejects Giorgio. One night, after an evening on the town with an anti-Fascist friend about to go off to the war, Giorgio sees his friend's bicycle by the garden wall. Entering the garden, he finds Micol awake in the garden house; next to her, asleep, lies his friend. In an arresting and enigmatic scene, Micol, glimpsing Giorgio through the window, turns on the light so that he can see her nudity.

The vise inexorably tightens. In the end, the Blackshirts tramp into the Finzi-Contini house. The Jews of Ferrara are rounded up to be sent to some unknown destination. The garden of the Finzi-Continis, once luxuriant and safe, is now violated, bleak and melancholy.

The actors play in Vittorio De Sica's unforced naturalistic style against the elegiac lyricism of the garden. Dominique Sanda, less vivid than she was in *The Conformist*, is an affecting Micol; and Helmut Berger, less vivid than he was in *The Damned*, is touching as her younger brother. In the manner of *Shoeshine* and *The Bicycle Thief*, De Sica has cast nonprofessionals in smaller roles to good effect.

The point of the film is, I suppose, the danger of moral isolation. The Finzi-Continis, secure behind their garden wall, happily ignored for sixteen years what Mussolini had been doing to justice and liberty in Italy. Their claim to tragic stature is somewhat impaired by the fact that, had it not been for the racial legislation, they would probably have stayed with Mussolini. But their very heedlessness until the dial spun round to them makes the point for those millions in Europe who remained heedless to the end and must now accept the memory of their own moral torpor. The fate of the Finzi-Continis is a metaphor for all those who imagine themselves immune when war is declared against humanity. The film is thoughtful rather than powerful; but it has genuine dignity and pathos. ▼



Collection of John M. Crawford, Jr., New York

Nixon's Chinese

The major exhibition of calligraphy in the United States; its catalogue carried by President Nixon to Chairman Mao

"Chinese Calligraphy," just over at the Nelson Gallery-Atkins Museum in Kansas City, Missouri, reopening March 14 at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, is the first exhibition of Chinese "beautiful writing" ever held in the United States, originated at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Chinese calligraphy, the oldest continuous form of writing, has been used for over three thousand years. Developed from pictographs—symbols that look like the words they depict—said to have been derived originally from the patterns of cracks made on bones cast into early divination pyres, Chinese writing became a stylized form, the most highly prized examples often preserved on stone. The detail shown, above, is by Chang Jui-t'u from a seventeenth-century poem scroll. Chang Jui-t'u preferred a worn brush and loved to do large-scale writing in a running script. This show, made up of pieces loaned by American private and museum collections, is a tribute to Chinese art and the persistent American taste for things Chinese.

That woman in every woman

In the new television series "Elizabeth R," the Queen grows from moppet to strumpet

BY MOLLY HASKELL

"I will never marry! never, never, never," cried Princess Elizabeth; and throughout her life, or for the six ninety-minute segments of BBC-television's *Elizabeth R*, she never does.

The daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth was not yet three when her mother was beheaded. Her first stepmother died in childbirth; and her third, Catherine Howard (her mother's cousin), was executed, like Anne Boleyn, on grounds of adultery. Sex and death thus became inextricably related in her mind, and she was wary of emotional involvement. "First there's trust, then passion, then death," says Glenda Jackson as the young Elizabeth in part one, "The Lion's Cub." And by part six, in spite of all her precautions, her presentiment has become prophecy in her relationship with the young Earl of Essex.

Along with her sexual instruction, Elizabeth was made early and palpably aware of the priorities of monarchy, in which not only woman—a poor and defenseless second best to man—but religion itself could be discarded at the whim of a king or the prospect of a male heir. It was understandable that Elizabeth, when she came to the throne, was in no great haste to marry, to have children, or even to make love. Her conscious reasons would have sufficed, but they were reinforced by her deepest instincts and inhibitions. Unlike Catherine the Great, whose sexual politics consisted of taking all men and therefore belonging to none, Elizabeth took no men to her bedchamber and therefore belonged, as she wished, to all of England.

If she never felt the earth tremble, being queen did have its compensations, so she is hardly exemplary as an oppressed forebear of Women's Lib. To its credit, the series, which stars Glenda Jackson and is shown on the PBS Masterpiece Theatre on Sundays, does not try to turn Elizabeth into a card-carrying member. Instead, the six plays, each by a different writer, are a scrupulously factual reconstruction (I hesitate to say dramatization) of Elizabeth's ascendancy to the throne and reign. Too scrupulous, if anything, since in avoiding the Scylla of Relevance (fabrication, interpretation, modernization), they come dangerously close to the Charybdis of textbook dullness. This, in spite of the fact that they em-

body virtues—superior writing and superb acting—which have been lacking in other projects of this kind.

Of all historical figures, Elizabeth is almost impossible to know—her inhibitions became the guardians of her secrecy, and her secrecy her power. Glenda Jackson makes a virtue of Elizabeth's inaccessibility, uniting her contradictions—the intelligence and vulnerability, the tough-mindedness and softheadedness—into one regal and slowly aging, rouged and hardening, human being. Her glory is reflected in the people around her: Robert Hardy as a sensual and insinuating Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the first love and lifetime standby of the queen; Ronald Hines as William Cecil whose wise decision to stick by the princess in the first episode enables him to rise with the queen in the second; Vivian Pickles as Mary Queen of Scots who in the fourth segment wages an elaborate, murderous war with Elizabeth, carried out entirely through secondary agents; and finally Robin Ellis as the Earl of Essex, Leicester's stepson, who captivated not only the queen's heart but the imagination of England.

All of the smaller parts are played with conviction and ease; and each play, being feature-length, is meant to stand on its own. The writers, who are more decisive in the shape and design of the plays than the directors, have tried in each episode to reveal a slightly different side of the Queen, while adhering to a chronological sequence of events and a unity of style that is more literary than cinematic.

Since few liberties can be taken with major historical events, the best scenes are often those which deal with the intimate chapters of human history. Among my favorite episodes is one—"The Marriage Game"—in which little of historical importance happens. Written by Rosemary Anne Sisson, it concerns Elizabeth as a twenty-five-year-old queen amidst her suitors, enjoying their interests while resisting all pressure to marry. Robert Dudley, now her Master of the Horse, is her favorite. Using equine imagery with discretion, Miss Sisson portrays the subtle, complex games and suppressed passion of this relationship; and Glenda Jackson shows the queen, vacillating between longing and caution, using her power both to protect and to promote her private desires. ▼

The singing Simon girls

Carly, left, and Joanna Simon, wide-eyed, leggy sisters who took music to its opposite poles, met up this year at the top—and in this rare photograph. Carly went the pop-folk way, now packs nightclubs and concert halls singing in a rich, warm voice songs sometimes written by her: among them, her new hit "Anticipation." Joanna, taller than Carly, and at once lithe and voluptuous onstage, took to opera, sensationally. In 1967 she sang the lead in Ginastera's new provocative opera *Bomarzo*. After she sang Brangäne in the concert version of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* conducted by Leonard Bernstein in New York in 1971, the composer Thomas Pasatieri decided to write for her the title role in *The Black Widow*, planned to open on March 2 at the Seattle Opera. Music is a Simon family thing. "When the girls were tiny," their mother said, "they sang their names and ages—and this was even before they could speak."

STEPHEN PALEY



What's on for
TONIGHT...
black point d'esprit



CHARLOTTE RAMPLING

You see her, above, a sleek little kitten playing cat in the corner in one zebra-striped corner of the new *El Morocco* and, right, letting folds of chiffon fall where they may, knowing those green-and-gold eyes and purry voice will do the rest.... And any day now you'll see her—as Anne Boleyn in a new film about Henry VIII.



White collar
and cuffs and
camellias and
all covered up — but
far from demure, *left*, in
transparent black point
d'esprit... By Bill
Blass, of rayon and silk
with cotton collar and cuffs.
Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.
Accessories, next to last page.
Coiffures by Franklyn
Welsh. All four pages
photographed at
El Morocco, with interiors
by Ellen L. McCluskey.



CRISTINA FERRARE

A dazzly young actress who looks like a dark-haired Ingrid Bergman, Cristina is right in her element on these pages—"I love long flowy dresses...they make me feel so feminine." Here, Cristina at El Morocco—next, on screen, in *J. W. Coop.*

Degrees of bareness—on for TONIGHT

When you're
feeling clear-cut
about what you

want, this really does it,
near left—slithery black crêpe
plunged from a halter, with
one big white linen rose.
Boutique Donald Brooks;
Celanese acetate and
Avisco rayon (Onondaga
fabric). About \$130.

Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall
Field; Marie Leavell.

For the times you want
to soft-play bareness,
far left—sheer black with
flounced sleeves and skirt
and a matte jersey bodice
with buttons to the waist...
which you can simply undo
the way Cristina has done.

By Rodrigues; sheer polyester,
rayon jersey. About \$145.

At Saks Fifth Avenue;
Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's.
Bias folds of mist-grey chiffon,
right—opening, closing,

floating back in a
train. By Ferdinando Sarmi;
Stern & Stern silk. About
\$355. Bergdorf Goodman;
Nan Duskin; Hudson's;
I. Magnin. Hairstyles
by Kenneth.

Accessories, next
to last page.



Team work

The Mac II girls

“There aren’t any two girls in New York with more on the ball, more of a flair for houses, for food, for clothes, for living—than Mica and Chessy?”

Designer Bill Blass talking about the Mac II partners—Chessy, Mrs. William Rayner, and Mica, Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun—two of his close friends, and also his decorators.

Mica and Chessy are modern women. They lead attractive, fascinating, international lives. They understand the attractive facets of contemporary life—the architecture, the painting, the sculpture, the music, the life tempo. They work hard and seriously at something they love—and they accomplish anything they take on with skill and enormous style. To their decorating and interior-design business, Mac II, which they started four years ago, Mica and Chessy bring more than just an elegant sense of space and color—they bring this innate sense of today’s living. *(Continued, next page)*

The different moods of the Mac II’s. . . . By day, *center*, they often dress similarly—here, in their cotton quilted jackets from Genesis. At night, each with great individuality: *near right*, Chessy in Adolfo’s chinoiserie; *far right*, Mica in chamois suède and her favorite jewel, a giant-size pre-Columbian gold plaque.







The dashing day of the decorators

Mica Ertegun and Chessy Rayner run their business from a desk and a large closet off the library of the Ertegüns' house—along with a part-time assistant, a telephone-answering service, a station wagon, the occasional use of Mr. Ertegun's car and chauffeur, a constant pad and pencil in hand, telephones wherever they may be, and the talents of a group of craftsmen with whom they constantly work. The girls keep a hectic, but organized, schedule. *Above:* They walk a lot—it helps in Manhattan. Mica is wearing the printed quilted cotton coat she had made at the Genesis boutique; Chessy, her ultra-violet Bonnie Cashin suede coat. . . .

Teamwork

JACK ROBINSON



The Mac II route

Far left, reading from top to bottom: First stop, downtown to the SoHo area to the Andre Emmerich gallery to search for a sculpture or a painting. . . . Uptown to Fifth Avenue to consult with the contractor on a current project. . . . Crosstown, west, to confer on Mac II's projections for the new offices of Atlantic records, of which Mica's husband, Ahmet (far right), is President. . . . Crosstown, east, to the workrooms of Urban Furniture. The Urban Brothers, like everyone else in the decorating trade, refer fondly to the Mac II's as "the girls." Chessy wryly says, "You can see how much dignity we command." . . . Left: Back uptown to the Mac II office, the girls wearing typical workday outfits—sweaters and skirts, their heads wrapped in practical, handsome turbans. . . . Above: Chessy and Mica in another of their favorite looks for knockabout work days—wraparound skirts, and quilted cotton jackets. . . .

When the Ertegüns decided at the last minute to attend the Rothschild Ball in Paris (below), Adolfo (above) made her cape and head-dress in half a day.

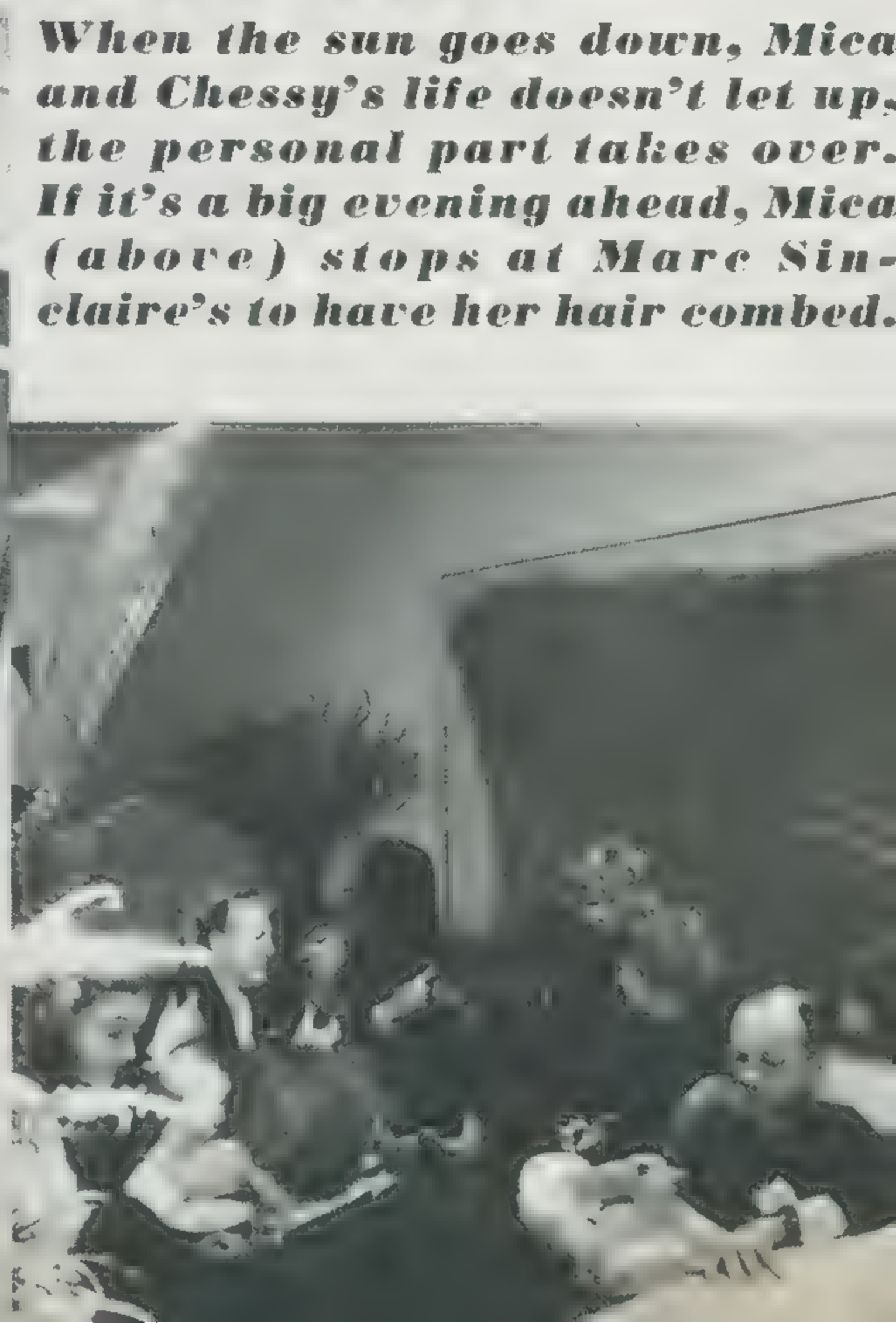
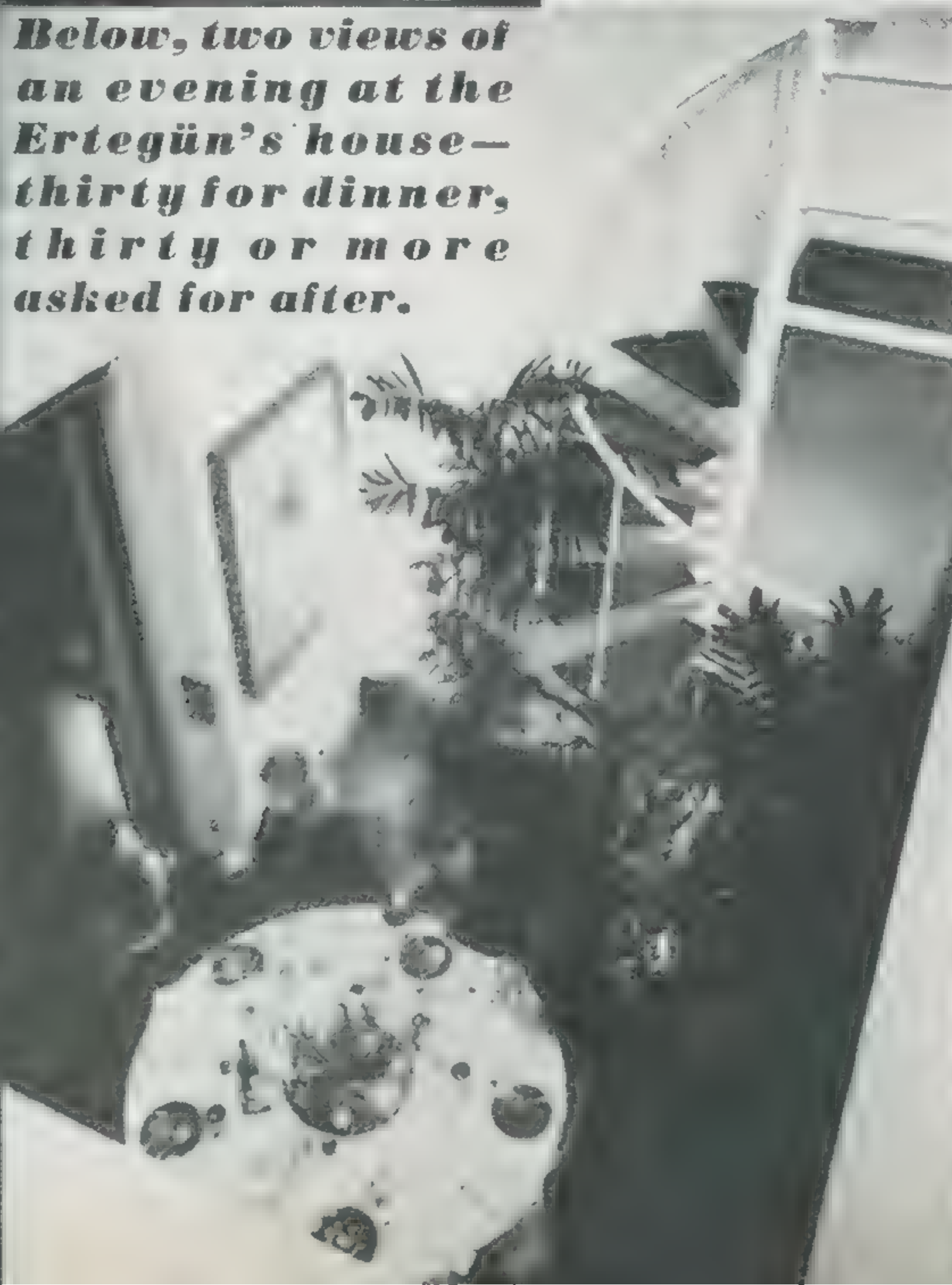


The other side of Mac II life—

Below, two views of an evening at the Ertegün's house—thirty for dinner, thirty or more asked for after.

*When the sun goes down, Mica and Chessy's life doesn't let up; the personal part takes over. If it's a big evening ahead, Mica (above) stops at Marc Sin-
clair's to have her hair combed.*

Mica at a Parke-Bernet evening art auction, in her black broadtail-and-monkey fur coat.



Teamwork

If dinner at the Rayner's is for eight, Chessy does the cooking. This season, her favorite at-home look is this Saint Laurent satin moire pants suit.



Below, Chessy working out an evening look at Adolfo's, and, at a party, in pearls and Bill Blass's matte jersey.

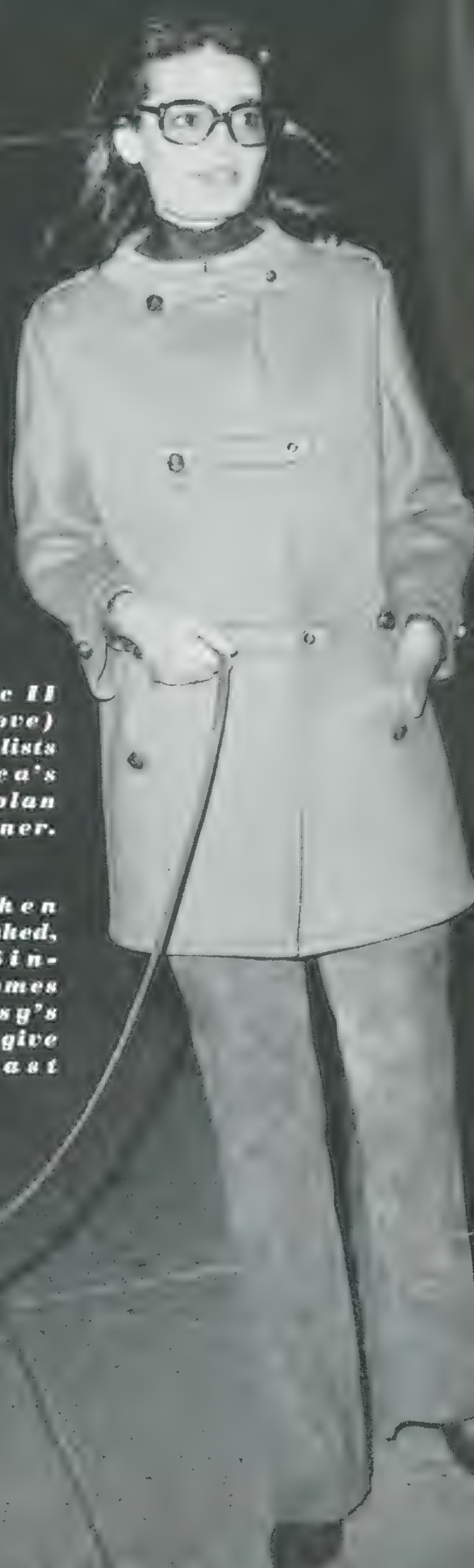


The Mac II desk (above)—pads of lists and Mica's seating plan for a dinner.

Right, Chessy in her Jean Muir white chamois shirt, long black skirt.



Left, when time is rushed, Marc Sinclair comes to Chessy's house to give her a last combing.



A daily duty of the Rayner household—walking Ginger. And like all dog walkers, Chessy is dressed casually—in a four-year-old coat and jeans.



Teamwork

*The Mac II team
lunching at
their favorite
Schraff's,
nearest
to their work.*

**"A room is just like a box—
you don't want to see it,
you just want to live in it
with the things you like."**

—A Mac II 'ism

Chessy Rayner and Mica Ertegün, the partners of Mac II, react alike on interior design. Both have the same, sure eye for non-clutter and a sense of special elegance. They like clean walls—"walls should be treated like a pegboard in the sense that someone can move the things they like, their collections, around on them." Mica has the more architectural eye—hers is the practical mind that instantly visualizes the planning, the allotment of spaces. Chessy's immediate instincts are for colors and textures. Each one's "specialties" are visible in their own personal environments. The Ertegün houses are mostly white-walled, the stinging colors coming from their paintings or carpets. In the Rayners' New York apartment, each room has lacquered walls of a different brilliant color—a bedroom grass green, the long foyer scarlet, the dining and living rooms bright yellow. On the subject of fashion, Chessy and Mica think alike—but again with subtle differences. By day they often dress almost alike, mostly sweaters and skirts. But Chessy's skirts are usually from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Mica's from Jax. On two subjects they stand firm together: Though both wear pants in the country, and sometimes for evening, neither one thinks she looks especially well in them so pants are "no" for workday. And both Chessy and Mica prefer the most conservative, elegant pumps and sandals of David Evins or Mme. Arpels. (Mica recently tried a pair of wedge sandals—but no good, "I couldn't walk in them.") Interestingly enough, though both girls choose their evening looks from the same designers—each has an enviable collection from Mme. Grès, both adore Adolfo and the limpid designs of Jean Muir—each one's own personality and elegance project sharply. At night, Mica and Chessy are no longer the "Mac II girls," but two different women—each equally fascinating, interesting. Perhaps it is because Mica has an innate sense of practicality, a mind able to cope and manage almost anything ("it would take more than dynamite to rattle Mica," says a friend), and Chessy, an intuitiveness, a sense of perfect propriety, an acute sensitivity to the way people would like things to be—and the fact that both women are immensely kind—that Mica and Chessy make a great team.

GREAT SPACE

THE LIVING FLOOR OF THE KENNETH NOLAND LOFT

An immense room with a sweep of serenity, the Mac II partners arranged painter Kenneth Noland's space to please "his great personal sense of line and proportion, his art collection which he constantly shifts around, and his music." The walls were kept clean, the furniture arranged as "islands" in the sea of space. Two hassocks are covered by Navajo rugs. So as not to destroy the rugs, they are secured with Velcro strips to specially built hassocks the exact size of the rugs. The impressive array of highly technical stereo equipment (not shown in this view) rests exposed on a thick floating ledge. A Morris Louis painting from the veil series on the left wall, a Jules Olitski over the leather sofa, flanked by two Kenneth Noland paintings, and in the background, a sculpture by Anthony Caro.





Teamwork

a contrast of moods

BILL BLASS'S
NEW YORK PENTHOUSE

When designer Bill Blass took over the apartment adjoining his penthouse to make one big apartment, he had Mac II redesign old space and new. "I think," he says, "it's a great advantage for a bachelor to have a woman decorator. She thinks of things that would never occur to him—proper closets, kitchen layout, the feeling of a room. Of course, we all three worked together; but the amount of searching, the legwork the girls do is remarkable . . . they must have had in twenty rugs for the dining room before we found the perfect one, and the rug is what makes that room. And they find the best possible people for every job—Louis Perez, who covered walls, floors, and furniture with fabrics; a man out in New Jersey to stencil an animal print on suède for the banquettes . . . the girls are great." For the Blass living room (formerly traditional, with a cozy French country slant), Mac II conceived "a formal party room with a great sense of space." It's big, white, and bright with big windows and doors onto a terrace that wraps around the apartment. By contrast, the dining room and bedroom (next two pages) were filled with warm, sheltering color and pattern. All of it is kept at the peak of perfection by meticulous housekeeping—windows washed and parquet waxed weekly—so that anything that should shine is gleaming.

**Bill Blass, right,
in front of
a Schiffren painting
in the living room.**



**In the living room,
giant sable heads
mounted on silver
pedestals were a
recent find in London.
The antique Japanese
screen on the south
wall, left, a long-ago
find in the Paris
flea market. It hangs
above a comfortably
pillowed banquette of
glove leather. The
long Parsons table is
covered in Turkish
rugs, as is the ottoman.
Silver "tree-trunk"
table has a top of
petrified wood.**







A CONTRAST OF MOODS
Bill Blass's New York penthouse

*The dining room:
"I don't believe in
big dinners,
four to seven people,
very informal...
the dining room is
small and warm,
intimate...."*



*The bedroom:
"It's more than just a
bedroom for me—
I read there, there's
a fire going, I have a few
friends in—I can't
explain why, but it's the
room that really expresses
my character....It's
the room I live in...."*

what you need to know about: THE *money* YOU EARN

Top-dollar is still waiting BY SCOTT BURNS

There are about thirty million working women in the United States; another thirty-five million are listed by the Census Bureau as "Keeping House." More than half of the women who work are married; three out of four work full time. In 1969, the median income of all full-time women workers was \$4,977. *One of every one hundred and forty women earns more than \$15,000; only one in twenty earns more than \$10,000.* On the average, women earn 60 cents while men earn \$1.00 in comparable jobs.

An increase in the number of working women is unlikely to add to the flow of people through the doors of Tiffany's. Indeed, looking at treasures is as likely to produce pangs of consumer hunger in the working woman as it is in the stay-at-home. At best, the working woman is able to purchase a better brand of necessities.

Despite her relatively small income, however, the working wife is responsible for the Affluent Society; the median income of families where both husband and wife are earners was \$13,600 in 1968 compared to \$8,175 for one-earner families.

A somewhat happier picture appears among better-educated women. Education and work go together; only 30 percent of grammar-school graduates work compared with 49 percent of high-school graduates, 54 percent of college graduates, and 69 percent of those with graduate degrees. The educated woman can develop a career and some bargaining power. As a result, professional women had a median salary of a whopping \$7,309 in 1969.

Part of the problem is that women have a tendency to concentrate in sex-typed jobs. Although the Census Bureau lists some 250 job categories, *half of all women are distributed over twenty-one types of employment.* Two out of every three professional women are either teachers or nurses. In effect, this concentration in traditional "women's work" has allowed low salaries and wages to be institutionalized and controlled by the men who have employed them.

This process has been aided by another demographic fact. *The average woman worker is forty-one years old.* During the last thirty years the number of working married women has increased by an incredible 320 percent. The effect has been to force single women to compete with women who will work for less if it is a choice between that and not working at all. This painful choice was at the root of some historic changes in our country.

Rapid industrial development enabled women to enter the marketplace. Traditionally tied to home and family, women did work that was never counted in a money economy. They cooked and preserved food, wove cloth, made and mended clothing, cared for children, and kept house. Significantly, most of the job categories dominated by women are directly related to the demands of the household.

One might ask, then, what are those thirty-five million women at home worth? About \$220 billion, assuming that these household workers receive the minimum wage. The economic worth of the average woman at home, some \$6,300 a year, is absent from the National Income Accounts because only economic activity in the marketplace is measured. *Thus, an arbitrary accounting convention works to understate grossly the economic importance and, hence, the status of women.* Women have responded by turning their slow absorption by the economy into an invasion of the marketplace.

For all the just indignation women may feel for their treatment in an

economy dominated by men, it remains that women are winning the larger battle for representation in the labor force. Today, women control four of every ten jobs. *Over the last twenty years women have taken two of every three new jobs.* They have achieved this extraordinary feat by pursuing service-oriented careers in an economy dominated by the rapid growth of services. It makes little sense to negotiate for higher wages in a job you don't have. Now, having acquired jobs, women are negotiating for higher wages.

In the 'fifties and 'sixties, women acquired significant economic power by assuming jobs they were culturally conditioned to assume. They became teachers, nurses, librarians, secretaries, and social workers. In the process, they overconcentrated and as a result they have saturated their traditional job markets.

None of the "women's" jobs will expand rapidly enough to absorb the increasing supply. The crunch is already painfully real. Thousands of recent college graduates have been turned away from teaching jobs; estimates indicate that there will be *seven applicants for every four teaching positions* through the decade. A recent study at Harvard University revealed that the number of women with advanced degrees had doubled during the 'sixties, but there had been no change in their representation—at Harvard or nationwide—on the faculties. In spite of the generous publicity given to women entering law and medicine, they account for only 6 and 9 percent, respectively, of those being trained.

While some may choose to be depressed, even those who insist on viewing the economic world through the strictures of the Census Bureau must admit that women have hardly nibbled at 229 of the 250 job categories. Three areas stand out as offering immediate opportunities: banking, higher education, and elective office.

Women have already achieved a foothold beyond the teller's cage in banking. The recent Supreme Court decision barring arbitrary decisions based on sexual preference will ensure that women are actively considered for such positions as trust or loan officer. Think how reassured a woman who wanted to start a business would be if in applying for a bank loan she could put her plans before a woman instead of a man.

Colleges and universities across the country are in the process of submitting "Affirmative Action Plans" to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare for hiring minorities, including women, as a result of lawsuits that followed the Fair Employment Act. Women currently have only 18 percent of the jobs in higher education. While the competition for such jobs will be difficult, many institutions will be forced to hire women in order to balance their faculties.

Women are pitifully underrepresented in elective office at all levels of government. State government is often run by men who are part-time representatives (they are lawyers, car dealers, or insurance brokers on the side), a practice that occurs at the expense of all citizens. While the direct number of such jobs is small, the results, should women fill them, might be large and pleasant.

The long-term effect of a significant entry into these fields would be to create an infrastructure of power that would truly integrate women into the national economy. The changes could be wonderful. Everyone, however, *regardless of sex*, faces dislocation and trauma in the process. Only one thing is abundantly clear: the law of supply and demand isn't going to be on anyone's side during the 'seventies. ▼

THE *role* YOU PLAY

Women, more than men, can work at several levels

The concept that women who work should be defined as paid jobholders creaks like a porch swing. Every woman works: the best work the hardest. But no lines exist between the quality and importance of work put into running a household, doing volunteer work, studying, or earning a salary—or some of each.

"To be good at a job is an art and a science and a gift," said Mary E. Campbell, Secretary of The Condé Nast Publications Inc., and one of the most skilled and experienced personnel experts in the country. "The real artist in every field is dedicated. With any job, you had better be dedicated, because it vitally influences everything you do. You are a total person, not one during your working day and another one at night. If you do not feel your role in life—whatever it is—is something of which you are proud, you are not likely to take pride in yourself.

"I wish someone would think of a new word for housewife," Miss Campbell said. "It is totally inadequate for a highly complex and creative role. Everyone is not qualified; but for those who are, few careers demand as many talents and skills and offer as much versatility."

In the thirty years that Miss Campbell has dug into personnel work, a curious paradox persists. She is often confronted with the statement that women work only for one of two reasons: to earn the maximum money or to escape from boredom into "any old job." In spite of all the apparent changes in who-does-what-and-why, old and new, formal and informal surveys show that the basic motives for work have not changed: satisfaction and the belief that one is doing something important and worthwhile come before money.

What is the difference, if any, between men and women as workers? Since Miss Campbell thinks of her job as casting the right *person* in the right role, rather than as a marshaling of men and women, she answers carefully: Women seem, as a group, to have more empathy with the people they work with than men do—as a group. Women tend to understand personal problems better than men, although this may be less a fact of their sex than of the traditional training of girls. More men than women seem to fall into the double standard of an anything-goes style of business ethics as opposed to a stricter code of private ethics.

Men seem to be more single-minded about jobs. Women in most careers bring more versatility into their work. This is why the real artist in any field succeeds . . . because she is a woman and brings the special attributes a woman has, not because she "thinks like a man" or tries to follow in his footsteps. In many careers, men expect to devote their entire lives and energy to their jobs. Most women are not willing to do this, but successful women are able to be effective on many levels of action.

Miss Campbell said, "Harm is done by people who tell you to take any old job when you start out. You may have three or four jobs in your life, but it's a mistake not to try from the start to get close to where you can use as many of your talents and interests as possible."

So, Miss Campbell, what do you suggest?

1. Think ahead . . . really ahead. You may not be able to plot exactly what you will be doing five or ten years off, but you should have long-range goals and short-term objectives. Planning is a creative act.
2. Know yourself . . . what you really want to accomplish in the world, to contribute to those around you; what special gifts you have, what liabilities. Miss Campbell believes some vocational counseling and testing services can be constructive and informative; but she thinks that anyone,

given concentration and objectivity, can learn a lot about herself on her own. Write down a list of questions you would use if you were going to interview a stranger and wanted to know all about that person. For example: Do you work best alone or with other people? Outdoors or indoors? Do you like to work with your hands, with words, with mathematical problems, with people? In a hubbub or in a quiet setting? Do you prefer to initiate ideas or carry them out? Can you defend your ideas when they are challenged? Are you more confident leading or following? Have you known skills, suspected talents, past one-shot triumphs that can be structured into a consistent work plan?

Write the questions without thinking of what or how you want to answer. Add to the list at different times. Let it grow as new questions surface. Do not answer any of the questions until you have completed a good thorough list as objectively as you can. Then choose the right spot—in front of the fire, on a bus, or up a tree. Answer with every ounce of honesty . . . or you will have wasted time.

3. Know about the work you want to do. Most people have an inkling of what they want to do, an expectation acquired possibly from parents, teachers, surroundings, or the example of someone admired. Are you inkling right? "Use the same list of questions," Miss Campbell said, "but this time question the job." In what kind of surroundings would you work? With whom? Who are your competitors? Where does the work lead? Is the return (satisfaction and/or money) worth the effort? What are the pressures? What training or experience must you bring with you or will you receive?

To answer your second questionnaire you must do some research. (Amazing how many people sign up for a dream without reading the small print.) Interviews for paid or volunteer work are a great source of research material. What is the atmosphere of the place? How do the people there behave? How does it look, smell, sound? (If you can't stand silence, don't work in a library. If the smell of ether throws you, don't work in a hospital.) Above all, pay attention to how you are greeted and interviewed. "Remember," Miss Campbell said, "if you are treated rudely as a stranger, God help you when you are not a stranger."

4. Get into corollary fields of interest. Business, professions, arts, sciences all bounce off and brighten each other.

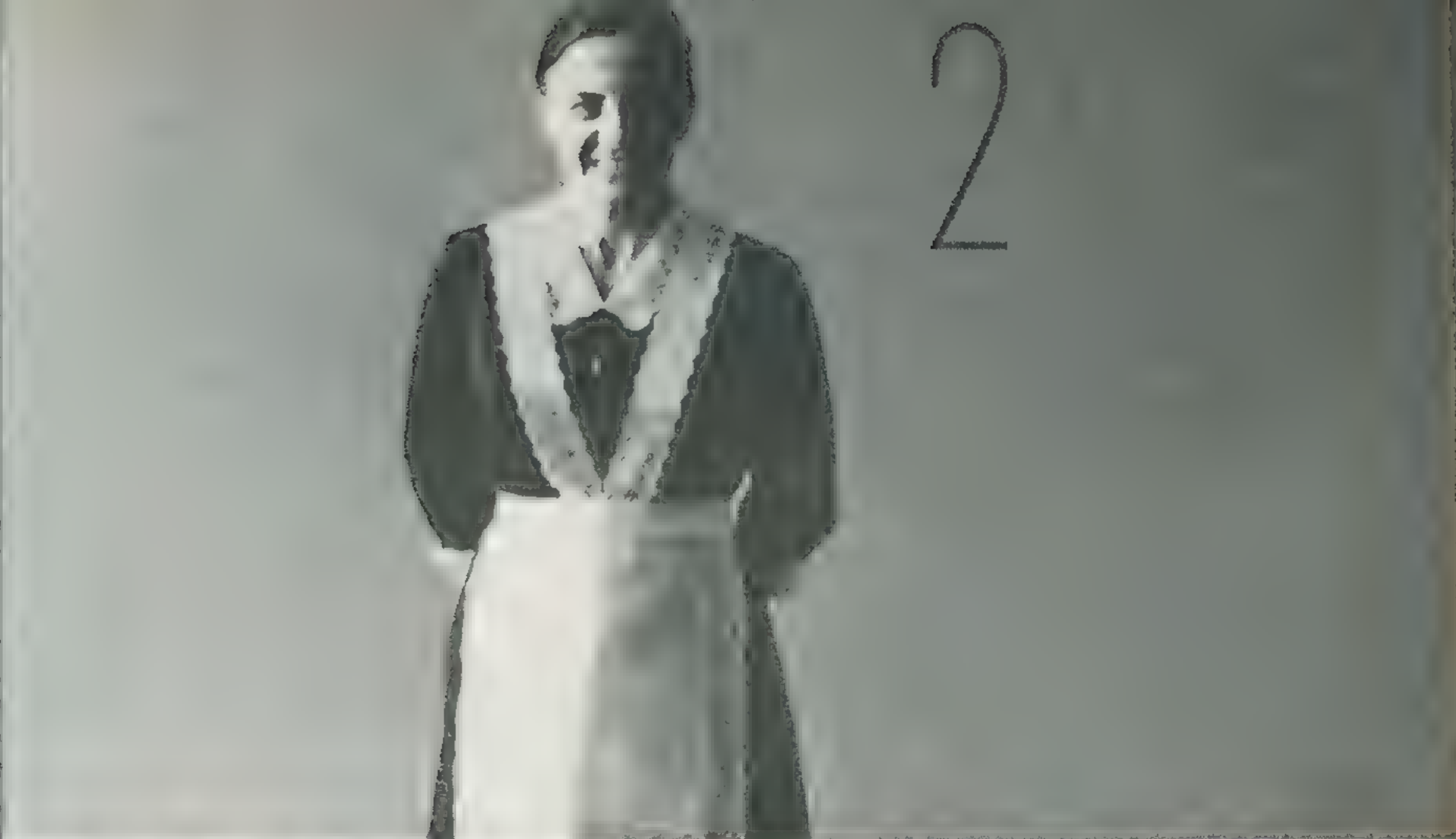
5. Be a wise consumer. No one who works at anything can afford to blow time and money on the wrong product bought for the wrong price at the wrong place to do the right job all wrong.

6. Manage money. Don't let it or others manage you—unless being managed is the job you choose.

7. Don't be reduced to a common denominator or a number. It's a tendency made too easy by computers and assembly-line techniques.

8. *Live your life.* Miss Campbell believes that most people use only a small percentage of their abilities and energies and therefore experience only a part of the satisfaction and success that could be theirs. Communicate. Have an insatiable curiosity about everything around you. Observe . . . listen . . . think. Each day should be an expanding experience.

If this brief Baedeker to the exploration of work sounds as if it were directed only to jobs other than running a household, read it again. If fewer women accepted wife-and-mothering as a lifetime assignment before they have considered the alternative possibilities, the job of householder might become what it should be: a recognized challenge and reward to more people—men or women. ▼



WHAT WOMEN WHO WORK NEED THE BEST OF ...

Every woman who works at anything out of the house—for pay or not—will find her lot more joyous and her output more inspired, efficient, and rewarding if she has help. Not all these helpers are necessary to all women all of the time, but when a woman needs any of them, she needs the best. That's why the people photographed here are The Indispensables.

1. Husband

Peter Funk, photographed with Alexandra, age nineteen months, said, "It was all very consciously planned," of his life with his wife, Lisa, who teaches, and their daughter. In a no-nannie, pinch-hit-for-each-other arrangement, Peter conducts his movie-producing-and-distributing business in his brownstone house in New York, welcomes Alexandra's company during his working hours when Lisa is off teaching. "Marriage," said Peter, "means flexibility; taking the love relationship into new areas—work, a new house, a new business; knowing what satisfies your partner emotionally and intellectually so that the relationship expands and grows well."

More husband help-outs: Taking the two-o'clock bottle . . . squeezing the breakfast orange juice . . . Saturday visits to the planetarium with son and best friend, leaving quiet at home . . . cooking dinner, sometimes . . . ordering flowers for the house . . . keeping tabs on the wine cellar . . . writing the thank-you notes . . . planning a long weekend in London . . . loading the beach-house freezer . . . checking the rose garden for replacements . . . and planting, while he's at it, an abundance of white-blooming lilacs.

2. Housekeeper

Henny Baden keeps house for Mrs. Helen Van Slyke, a frantically successful businesswoman and writer. Ask Henny to define her job and she answers "manager." Both Henny and her employer consider theirs a working partnership. "The key to the whole thing is flexibility and sensitivity," Mrs. Van Slyke said. "And consideration and personality. If you have somebody as competent as Henny, you do not have to stand over her and tell her what to do. Henny knows what to do before I can think of it. She even keeps count of guests and menus—who likes wine, loves chicken, hates salad. That's so marvelous, like a social secretary." Indispensables such as Henny earn from \$75 to \$150 weekly, depending on responsibilities and size of family.

More housekeeper help-outs: Walking the dog . . . tending the plants and chucking out stale flowers . . . telephoning air-conditioning or dishwasher or any-kind-of-appliance repairman . . . clearly writing down telephone messages . . . super- or any other kind of marketing . . . carting chipped china to the menders . . . stopping in at the shoemaker's, emergency shopping for stockings . . . having a pot of tea and biscuits waiting when they're needed.

3. Baby-sitter

An intense, green-eyed blonde, Liza Lloyd, a college student and nearly professional baby-sitter, is what working mothers need to glue life together from time to time. Liza thinks of baby-sitting as more than a way of earning money—is sensitive to parents' wishes and to children's quirks. She tries to get to a new client early enough for a warming-up session.



THE INDISPENSABLES

"Before parents leave, I go and play or set up some kind of relationship. That way the children rarely cry." Liza, like any good baby-sitter, accepts full care of her charge or charges: to feed, bathe and entertain (doctor's and parents' telephone numbers within blinking distance). Employers offer meals and after-8 P.M. transportation or the price of a taxi home on top of the basic hourly rate that varies from day to night, from one to several children. Sitting for a summer involves a more searching approach. Anne Andrews agency in New York advises interviews and a trial weekend. Summer-week salaries may run from \$30 to \$95.

More baby-sitter help-outs: Bed-making . . . clearing sink debris or filling the dishwasher . . . keeping an eye on the roasting beef . . . feeding the cat . . . sticking away groceries . . . reading out loud . . . knowing TLC first aid: a kiss and a Band-Aid. In the summer, helping a nine-year-old to plant a vegetable garden . . . never taking an eye off a child in the water . . . teaching her to crochet her own poncho . . . playing Ping-Pong in the barn in twilight.

4. Answering service

To keep in touch, women who work need not only a telephone but a medium: an answering service. Someone to take and tell messages, to waken people for morning meetings, or to get them to dinner parties on time. This is basic answering-service service. Clients of Belles answering service get doses of mothering and doctoring besides. Its owner is exhaustively caring Mrs. Mary Printz, who inspired Broadway's musical *Bells Are Ringing*, which starred Judy Holliday. "We make and break appointments, tell fibs, and give recipes. There's usually somebody here who knows about children; and if the parents can't get a doctor, they call to find out about whooping cough. They'll ask us to order groceries, get a prescription filled. We've even accepted a dress from the dry cleaner and had a client pick it up on the way home to dress for the Academy Awards." Belles charges \$45 a month, with each wake-up call an additional twenty-five cents. Most answering services work all day and night every day.

More answering-service help-outs: Giving weather reports . . . thinking up excuses when someone oversleeps . . . helping children with their homework over the phone . . . ordering flowers, limousines . . . sending telegrams . . . making reservations for restaurants, hairdressers, airplanes . . . helping break dates tactfully when a better invitation comes along . . . getting people out of parties or meetings by calling at a prearranged time to say they must leave . . . taking R.s.v.p.'s for parties . . . arguing with telephone or utilities company over neglectful service . . . reminding about birthdays, anniversaries.

5. Children

Daniel and Susannah Blinkoff are the five- and seven-year-old children of photographer Richard Blinkoff and songwriter/singer Carol Hall. When their mother goes into her bedroom to work, they seem to know about keeping busy. They answer the telephone and remember messages clearly (agents and press are always calling). They stir up instant oatmeal for sudden hunger, play their own records to keep out of mischief. Susannah can cook bacon, scramble eggs; both are skilled at tying shoes and feeding their kitten, Pillows.

More children help-outs (with a small fee for some help-outs beyond and above the call of duty): Changing the front hall greenery . . . baking the weekly cookie supply . . . fixing a tray of breakfast for a mother . . . carting library books back and forth . . . taking small sister for the orthodontist's checkup . . . table-waiting one week, table-setting another . . . doing homework without a prod . . . checking, sorting, listing laundry . . . keeping grocery lists up-to-the-hour . . . playing butler, maid, bartender at parents' parties and, while they're at it, stealing the show. ▼



women need *politics*

And vice versa "If you can pull yourself and your house together... you are a born politician"

AN INTERVIEW WITH RONNIE M. ELDRIDGE **BY BARBARALEE DIAMONSTEIN**

BARBARALEE DIAMONSTEIN: Many women feel helpless in the face of the huge, impersonal bureaucracy. Do you?

RONNIE M. ELDRIDGE: Women have a legitimate complaint. When I spent time in a playground worrying every time my children climbed the monkey bars, terrified they would fall, it suddenly dawned on me that there was something wrong with the playground equipment and design. A group of park mothers formed a committee. We went to the Parks Department and eventually something was done about it. When you market every week, even if you don't know the difference between the Dow Jones Index and the Gross National Product, you know prices vary and the cost of living is increasing. You also know when a traffic intersection poses a threat for a child on his way to school. Too many of us think the experts designed the systems and we mustn't question them. This is the myth that has permitted political people to maintain their hold. I believe in the transferability of talent. Any woman who can get herself and her house together, who knows how to plan a menu for a party, invite guests, and be a good hostess is a born politician. If you have and keep friends, have a husband or a child, market and cook and maintain a smoothly operating household, you know all the elements of running a campaign.

BLDD: You insist you were *born* a political being, but when did the idea of involving yourself in politics come to you?

RME: I've always thought about it. I remember the 1936 campaign. I was wearing an FDR button and my five-year-old friend was wearing a Landon button. Even then I was fascinated by the politics of things—the mechanics of getting things done, the behind-the-scenes people—more than the actual candidate. Basically, I'm a political person who loves the political process. When my twelve-year-old son ran for student government, I was so anxious I'd wake up every morning thinking about it. He wanted buttons made, which I found pretentious and did not permit. Then he came up with another plan: "I don't care what you say about this one, I'm going to go out and get endorsements." He even intended to ask Mayor Lindsay for his endorsement. I realized how early the process begins and how sophisticated kids are now. For me, the questions of security and reaction to criticism came into politics. I have only run when I felt almost sure I would win. I realized I *could* do things in politics I could not do as a person. I know how to say no in politics. I cannot be pushed into taking positions I don't approve of. I'm basically a shy person, yet in

politics I'm able to overcome my inhibitions and say what I want to say. I'm confident when talking about issues and still a little nervous about going to parties. I think I'm intuitive.

BLDD: What does intuition mean to you?

RME: It's basically empathy for people, an understanding of how people react. I tend to think in broad generalizations and large patterns. Then it breaks down to "what's good for me is good for the country." I think that I'm an average person and if I get the message, others will. I've never accepted the back-room political myths that only men can understand or that there is a vast difference between amateur and professional. I guess the only difference is in being paid, as I am now, although I still consider myself an amateur. I'm not the same person I was in 1951 when I first became district captain. Then I needed to be outside the seat of government where I was free to carry petitions and to demonstrate. My job then was to get people inside to react to the issues I was interested in. Now I'm on the inside responding to the demands people outside are making. Sometimes, though, I'm not quite sure if I shouldn't have remained outside. In the past, I was sometimes disappointed with people inside. Now I'm disenchanted with the outsiders.

BLDD: How do you consolidate your role as a politician with your needs as a woman and as the sole parent of three children?

RME: It's very difficult. I've gone through different stages. I was political before I got married and found that when I was married and working, my political life dwindled. After five years of marriage, I had a baby. I adored having a baby and spent all my time with him. After seven years and two more children, I found I wanted more contact with people and got back into politics. But I always felt guilty about it. As a result, I was more patient with the children and ran a better household when I was working than when I was home full time.

When I took my first paying job on the Mayor's staff, I had been married for fifteen years. Suddenly I found myself contributing to our financial resources and had to face problems women face when they are not only wives and mothers but also wage earners. About a year later, my husband died suddenly at the age of forty-two and I became the sole wage earner, the head of the household, and the only parent of three children. A whole new phase of my life began. It is obviously difficult. I have to balance my time between children and job and still leave some for myself. The only time I seem to have alone is when I'm in a traffic jam. I suspect, though, that I am a better mother now than I've ever been—my children have a greater sense of their own independence and we genuinely enjoy each other's company.

BLDD: What are the special areas of your (Continued on page 104)



Ronnie Eldridge, left, is the most important political woman for New York's Mayor John V. Lindsay. Beginning as a volunteer worker in New York City fifteen years ago, she so impressed the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy that he advised her to run for Mayor of New York. Instead, Mrs. Eldridge entered City Hall in 1969 when Mayor Lindsay appointed her as his special assistant. Working with minority groups, she gained a reputation for easing racial tensions and cutting red tape. Two months ago, when Lindsay announced he would run for President, Mrs. Eldridge resigned from City Hall to become his troubleshooter, adviser, and booster as she travels across the nation. Somehow Mrs. Eldridge—whose husband died sixteen months ago—manages to give her three children equal time.

VOGUE FOOD

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH MAXIME:

a Tibetan high artist at pastry-folding

MRS. PHINTSO THONDEN

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Cooking, for Pema Thonden, a beautiful young Tibetan woman with a willow-branch waist, is an art akin to flower arranging or to Japanese *origami*. Her quick fingers pleat and fold dough as easily as tissue paper; and the results ravish the eye even before the dish—for one, Tibetan *momos*—is tasted. Pema learned the ancient cooking skills of Tibet as a child in Lhasa. After school years in Madras, she met in Darjeeling the young Lhasan whom she married: Phintso Thonden, now the Permanent Representative of the Dalai Lama of Tibet in New York. In New York, Pema still wears long apron-wrapped Tibetan jumper dresses, as do her two peppy little daughters: Chimi, seven; and Yodon, five. These come from a shop called Tibetan Arts and Crafts, where Pema sometimes works, selling things made by Tibetan refugees in India, with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Lobsang Samden (Mr. Samden is the brother of the Dalai Lama).

In the Thonden kitchen there are lots of giggles and rough-housing with the girls and their tiny Lhasa Apso puppy, Gaki (it *does* mean happiness). Tibetans are cheerful mountain people who like a cup of hot twenty-five-year-old tea or a glass of barley wine. Pema makes dried beef—hanging it on the terrace in cold weather—and her own barley wine for the soup that is the final course of a Tibetan dinner—though she also uses champagne as a stand-in. “A very good soup to make you sleep well,” Pema said. “I could make it without water, but then you would have to go to bed at once.”

MOMOS—TIBETAN DUMPLINGS

Dough: *4½ cups flour (Pema uses barley flour), 2 cups water*

Mix well and knead into a stiff paste; roll out on a floured board until very thin. The rolled dough should be about 2 feet square, enough for 30 momos. Cut in circles with the rim of a water glass or tea cup.

Filling: *2½ pounds beef steak, chopped with a knife, not ground
1 medium onions, finely chopped
2 teaspoons salt 1 pinch monosodium glutamate (Ac'cent)
1 tablespoon soy sauce 1 cup water*

Making the beautiful pleated tops on the dumplings as Pema does takes a bit of practice, but they will taste good even if your first ones aren't perfectly shaped. Place a circle of dough on your left hand (if you are right-handed); slightly stretch the edges and place about 1 tablespoon of filling in the center (too much filling will be disastrous). Then with your right thumb and forefinger pleat the dough together over the center of the meat, forming a pin-wheel design (like an old-fashioned coin purse); your left thumb is used to tuck the meat down as you go, and the dumpling turns on your palm as you pleat around it. Pema also pleats some of the momos in a leaf shape. The finished dumplings go on oiled racks, slightly separated, in a steamer called a *motu*, which is now made in Switzerland by Tibetan refugees and is similar to the Chinese steamers. (A simpler version called a cooker-steamer can be had at Hammacher Schlemmer in New York.) Fill the bottom of the steamer with water and bring to the boil; steam the dumplings, covered, 15-20 minutes. Cooked dumplings can be reheated by frying in oil.

Sauces: One sauce is equal parts of soy sauce and vinegar; the other, 1 tablespoon powdered chilies (Black Diamond fine-ground red pepper, available in Indian food shops) mixed with 6 tablespoons water.



Maxime, far right, with Pema Thonden, her daughters, Yodon and Chimi, and puppy

MEAT AND VEGETABLE DISH

2 slices onion

Cooking oil

1 pound ground beef chuck

1 tablespoon salt

*2 10-ounce packages frozen green
peas with celery, defrosted*

Sauté onion in oil in skillet, add beef and salt and cook, stirring, until meat has lost red color. Add peas and celery, mix, and simmer 10-15 minutes.

WINE SOUP, four servings

2 cups water

1 bottle champagne

2 tablespoons soy sauce

1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

1½ tablespoons

barley flour (El Molino)

*6 ounces pot cheese (un-
creamed cottage cheese)*

Bring to a boil water and ¾ bottle champagne; add soy sauce and monosodium glutamate and simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Stir in barley flour and beat with a rotary beater 4-5 minutes. When foamy add the cheese, stir, add remaining champagne. Serve very hot.

TIBETAN COOKIES

Cookies are made with the same dough used for the momos, with a little baking powder and barley wine (or champagne) added. Cut rolled dough in rectangles about 2" x 3". Fold each in half lengthwise; cut slashes down the folded side about ¼" apart to within ½" of the cut edges. Then refold the strip so that the two long edges overlap underneath the slashed portion. Holding the folded cookie on your left palm, lift each slashed strip in the center with right thumb and forefinger and twist it upward in a little peak. Cookies are fried in deep fat, sprinkled with sugar before serving.

TIBETAN TEA

In Tibet, tea leaves pressed in blocks or urn shapes are stamped with mystic symbols and sewn into pieces of yak skin to age. The tea becomes a real family treasure; the older, the more prized. Making Tibetan tea is a bit like taking a few shavings off the leg of a Chippendale chair. A little tea is scraped off the block and boiled in water, strained, and the leaves reused.

To make tea in the Tibetan way, mix 1-1½ cups very strong tea infusion with 2 cups cold water. Boil up and add 1½ teaspoons salt. Off the fire, add ½ cup heavy cream, ¼ cup milk, 4 teaspoons butter, and a generous grating of nutmeg. Replace on heat, boil up, then remove and churn or beat for 3 minutes. Since Pema does not have a Tibetan tea churner here, she uses a rotary egg beater. This is a delicious hot drink—the salt turns out to be more refreshing than sugar in tea.



Far left: Pema cuts circles of dough for the momos. Center: Pleating the pastry over the filling. Left: The finished dumplings in their steamer-cooker.

THOM LAFFERTY

"She's like steel, but not cold. Hot steel, baby!"

ever alike. You never have the boredom of having been there before. Isn't that the secret of being happy?"

When things breeze along, she leaves much of the work to the company's other officers and staff—whom she greatly admires and trusts. "I don't write much copy any more," she said, "because there are people here who can do it better than I. We pay the best salaries. We get the best people."

Many of the best advertising people do *not* work for Wells, Rich, Greene, but Mary's technique is solid: she knows when and on what to spend money. When her career was first busting out, like spring, all over, she put herself into the hands of the right clothes designers, the right decorators, the right whatever. "It's the knack," a friend said, "of recognizing good things, and getting them—and not wasting any time deciding if you can afford them."

The corollary to recognition is acceptance. "The hardest thing for an executive to do is to let go," a business friend said. "Mary has the great gift of delegation." Mary sees it more as a fact of character, and of enjoyment: "Harding and I are both optimists. We are always startled if people let us down. You have to have faith in people. When you are working with a professional, if you are very direct, very candid, and tell him exactly what you want, you'll get a much better job if you go away and let him do his work."

Only the kind of faith that a trapeze artist has in her partners' hands could make Mary Wells Lawrence's life work. The Lawrences have an apartment in New York; a house in Dallas, Texas; a cattle ranch in Arizona; and the ravishing villa La Fiorentina at Cap-Ferrat in France. The houses in Texas, Arizona, and France have been decorated by Billy Baldwin at long-distance from Mary's office. The stamp of each place is her own—but the experience is his. "Look," she said, "Billy has spent his life on houses. I haven't. I would rather share his lifetime of experience than keep on repeating my own." Checked, Mr. Baldwin said, "I suspect that when she takes

someone on she has thought about it a long time, but she's a dream to work with. She puts 100 percent trust in you."

Mary Lawrence trusts the staffs that run these places as she trusts her office staff. Sometimes they interchange. The invaluable Kathie Durham, first of the four beamish secretaries whom Mary keeps busy ("I think she could keep twenty-five of us busy"), came to work for Mary four years ago after a season babysitting Mary's two adopted daughters. "I don't much like children, but I liked these ones, and I told Mary I didn't expect to like her. But she's generous and thoughtful, always thinking of ways to thank people or do things for them before I do, and that's supposed to be my job—reminding her." If that sounds goopish, too bad. "You can't fool the people you do day-to-day business with," an executive said about Mary.

Kathie Durham does all-day, every-day business with her: "Sometimes we read in the paper about her glamorous life, and we laugh and wonder where it is. She hasn't had time to have her hair done forever. When I pick her up in the morning, sometimes I say, 'Mary, you wore that dress yesterday.'" A young woman who had worked for Mary and left said, "She's fair and easy to talk to, and not at all sentimental. She pays for a certain amount of work and expects to get it. When it's over, that's that—no tears."

"She is enormously controversial, of course," said one of the few women in the country who is equally talented and successful. "Don't be put off by all that inner-core-of-warmth stuff; she really has it. The people who hate her seem to be men who haven't done what she does as well as she does."

"She almost looks scrubbed," said a man who works closely with her, "and she has that kind of mind—very clean, very clear. She's like steel, but not cold. Hot steel, baby!"

Won't anyone who doesn't like Mary Wells Lawrence please stand up? Mary Wells Lawrence will stand up. "I believe in facing up to things. Fast. To some people, I seem tough; because, if there is a problem, I handle it im-

mediately. Men can find it hard to follow a woman who goes chop, chop, chop." But a man who has worked closely with her said, "Don't worry, if I could say anything bad about her, I would. She's witty and fun and immensely enthusiastic, and I've never seen her out of control."

What is she? A walking myth with solid-gold arch supports in her glass slippers? She is one of the hardest working people—man or woman—in the land. Odd though it seems at this turn of her life, she has not just been handed things. Mary Lawrence has probably had as many bads as any other woman has—but she won't leave it that way. Her equanimity can rest only on the assurance that she has earned what she has and continues to prove she is worth it. "For most of the past twenty-three years I have worked eight-day weeks."

Outstanding performers in any field—if they have great amounts of talent, discipline, and training—have the skill to make what they do seem effortless. The deceptive effortlessness of Mary Wells Lawrence's salesmanship—and she is primarily a super-salesman—depends on a recognized ability to cut through to the heart of matters, to see in some immediate programmed flash the shapes of problems and ideas. To serve the three things she loves—her husband, her children, her work—she has lopped the unessential from her life: "It's a question of values, how you use your energies."

As a woman who has created her own liberation, Mary Lawrence is not a sexist militant; but she can build up a cumulus of irritation against areas of business—"those walnut-paneled men's clubs"—where women are still patronized and put down. "Women have a practical understanding of money that has not been touched," she says. Her bay-brown eyes grow wide. She is streaking along, "If I got involved in that. . . ." Suddenly everything shuts off. The cool face cools, the eyes stop down. "But I won't," she finishes. Such a large cause would be an inadmissible growth on the pruned and blooming tree that right now holds her husband, her children, her work. ▼

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

COVER

Marvella necklace, at Lord & Taylor. Rings at Odyssey. Bracelets by Lacavera for Moda Romana, at the St. Regis Hotel.

IF YOU WORK . . .

IF YOU DON'T . . .

Pages 26-27. Jewelry by Lacavera for Moda Romana, at the St. Regis Hotel. "Contempera" telephone by Northern Electric, furnished by Graybar Electric.

Page 28. Shoes by Herbert Levine for Halston.

Page 29. Scarf by Ashear Bros. Belt by Elegant. K.J.L. watch, at Bergdorf Goodman.

Page 30. Hat, Emmanuelle Khanh for Paris Collections. Renauld glasses. Turnbull & Asser shirt, at Bonwit Teller. Tank top by Jaeger. Grandoe gloves. Pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants.

Page 31. Shoulderbag by Estancia, at Bloomingdale's. Gloves, Crescent-Superb. Palizzio shoes.

Page 32. Glasses, Vision Unlimited. Turtleneck and pants by Missoni. Palizzio shoes, to order at Lord & Taylor.

Page 33 (left). Adolfo hat. Hanes tights. Palizzio shoes, to order at Lord & Taylor.

Page 33 (right). Hat at Hunting World. Burlington tights. Shoes by Battani.

Page 34. Compact by Stratton of London. Necklace, Oscar de la Renta. Beuche-Girod watch, at H. & J. Blits. Bag by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman. Beautiful Bryans tights. Julianelli shoes, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 35. Glentex scarf. Dynasty watch, at Bloomingdale's. Belt: Ben King from Midtown Belts. Beautiful Bryans tights. Customcraft shoes.

Page 36. Headwrap, Janet Leitner for Mr. Lawrence. Danskin tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 37. Palizzio shoes, to order at Lord & Taylor.

Page 38. Earrings by K.J.L. Bracelets: Bergère and Donald Stannard.

Page 39. Glasses by Vision Unlimited. Anné earrings. Bracelet, Lacavera for Moda Romana, at the St. Regis Hotel. Burlington tights. Shoes by Palizzio, to order at Lord & Taylor.

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Page 40 (left). Shirt, The Custom Shop. Braemar vest. Cuff links by Tender Buttons. Belt by Elegant. Burlington tights. Palizzio shoes.

Page 40 (right). Charles Elkaim earrings. Belt by Elegant. Bracelets: Arlene Altman, at Bergdorf Goodman. Pierre Cardin for Lucien Piccard ring. Gloves by Gösta for Paris Collections. Carrano Boutique bag. Burlington tights. Julianelli shoes.

Page 41. Danskin tights and bodysuit. Pendant and bangle by Alexis Kirk. Disc bracelet from Foreign Intrigue. Carrano Boutique bag.

THE DO THAT DOES
YOU ALL WEEK

Page 50. K.J.L. earrings, at Bonwit Teller. K.J.L. ring.

Page 52 (corner). Bracelet designed by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs.

Page 52 (center). Earrings, Celia Sebiri at Bonwit Teller. Bangle bracelet by Ciner. Oval link bracelet designed by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs.

Page 53. Ring, Celia Sebiri at Henri Bendel. Black-and-white shirt by Gloria Sachs.

Page 54. Napier earrings. Whistle key chain by Bob Lee for Hunting World. Suarez shoulderbag.

Page 55. Earrings by Celia Sebiri, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 56. Riviera glasses. Shoulder Book and pencil by Mark Cross. Passport case (in bag) by Stratton of London.

Page 57. Bracelet by Lacavera for Moda Romana, at the St. Regis Hotel.

WHAT'S ON FOR TONIGHT

Page 80. Customcraft shoes.

Page 81. Eisenberg Ice earrings.

Page 82 (left). K.J.L. ring. Bracelet by Trifari.

Page 82 (right). Earrings, bracelets, and ring by K.J.L. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Page 83. Earrings and ring by K.J.L. Capri bracelet. Tights by Schiaparelli. Charles Jourdan shoes.

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One day Robert Kennedy telephoned to ask: "Do you love me now as you did in January?"

political involvement?

RME: Mainly the problems of the poor, social problems caused by being poor, facilities for children, detention, housing for welfare.

BLDD: How did you meet Robert Kennedy and become what some called his most trusted political antenna in the state?

RME: A myth, but a lovely one. I first met Bobby Kennedy at rallies. I always liked him, especially when I read that he had his children's paintings on the walls of the Justice Department. When Robert Kennedy came to New York to run, I and other West Side reformers were his early supporters. I was a district leader in that campaign and ran it in my area. It was the most fantastic and satisfying campaign I was ever involved in. One day when I was in the bath, the baby-sitter told me Robert Kennedy was on the phone. I rushed to answer the call. He opened the conversation with, "Do you love me now as you did in January? Because I'm going to announce my candidacy for the Presidency, and I'd like to see you today." He asked me to go to Virginia and then to California to work for him. My first words were, "But I'm afraid of flying."

BLDD: Are there any politicians that you genuinely admire today?

RME: At different times I've admired different people because my esteem was based on what they accomplished, on what they did and how they did it. Politicians I admire want to make an historic impact, want to change things. Obviously, John Lindsay

is one of them. So is Bella Abzug. So was Robert Kennedy.

BLDD: What attempt have you made to involve women of talent in politics?

RME: I have stated that more women public officials would mean more innovation in legislation, more questioning of established traditions, no draft, less war, more consumer interest and protection, a more personalized government, one less awesome in its process. I talk to women's groups to encourage them to get into the political sector and not be intimidated by the system. I think I'm non-threatening and quite effective in talking to groups. My message is, "If I can do it, you can do it."

BLDD: But how? What do you tell them?

RME: I encourage the organization of women's groups, political caucuses, pressure groups. The whole system is very flexible, the roles change, pressure points change. You have to understand the changes and act on them. What's happening today is that more people realize they have legitimate complaints and legitimate goals. You see this in the Black Caucus, Women's Caucus, organizing of the young, and peace groups. People are finally overcoming their self-consciousness about saying they don't like what they have.

BLDD: What do you think of women running for the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency, of women on the Supreme Court?

RME: A fine idea—and obviously going to happen sometime. But first tremendous resistance

must be overcome, especially the resistance of women to other women. With increased numbers of younger voters, women should fare better. Generally, young people are better on the question of sex; they do not come to the situation with rigid separations of duties, powers, interests. I think there'll be new women—they are already working: nineteen-year-olds running for city councils, women working long and hard in peace movements, labor unions, etc.—but they have not yet come to public view.

BLDD: What are your views on Women's Liberation now?

RME: I've always been a supporter of Women's Liberation. It means everything, our lives. There are short- and long-term gains. The short-term gain is more women in higher positions in business and government making significant decisions. The long-term gain means my daughters aren't going to grow up thinking they have to be married by their early twenties because their only options are taking care of a household and children. The coalescence of the Women's Movement is a very new and important thing. If more women were involved in politics, there would be more day care, better financing of education, better health insurance and facilities, more housing; and the war would most likely be over. I think these things affect women. And among women there is a broad agreement on issues that affect the quality of life.

BLDD: Did you experience any City Hall put-downs because you

are a woman?

RME: Yes, sometimes. I work with some men who have tremendous problems in working with women, and with others who approach the whole thing with intelligence. One thing you learn to be quiet about though is that as a mother you do have two full-time occupations. Some men just don't understand it.

BLDD: The National Women's Political Caucus hopes to triple the number of women in Congress in the 1972 elections. What do you see as women's role in government?

RME: For the next twenty-five years, women who are going to run for political office are going to do it because they are committed to ideas. Men have seen politics and public life as a profession; they are always worried about the future, about getting reelected. So they tend to fall into the trap of consensus politics and giving the people what they think they want rather than leading them. A good politician can teach, can work toward the acceptance of his or her position.

BLDD: In 1965, Robert Kennedy wrote you, "Why don't you run for Mayor?" Why don't you?

RME: I don't have the temperament to run for public office. I lack the confidence. I hate to lose and don't want to be rejected. I've always been frightened by the prospect of running and the need to have something to say on every issue. Most important, I cannot bear the demands made on people in public life. I have a great need for my own private life. ▼

SLEEP MYTHS

(Continued from page 49)

No one sleeps like a log . . . "many patients confuse medical hypnosis with a vaudeville act . . ."

even noticing. No one can determine for himself exactly when sleep begins, although the moment will register on a machine that measures brain waves.

According to Dr. Weinberg, most people should be able to put themselves to sleep in from three to five minutes by following his method. It is, of course, a form of self-hypnosis or auto-suggestion. The method can be used any time, anywhere. Dr. Weinberg himself uses it on

planes, during transcontinental flights, in order to avoid the most universal feeling of "jet fatigue."

Some persons are too tense and anxious to use the sleep self-help program effectively, or their poor sleeping habits are too deeply ingrained to overcome without some additional assistance. They may need a few sessions with a psychiatrist trained in hypnosis.

Dr. Weinberg uses the words "hypnosis" and "subliminal sug-

gestion" interchangeably. "Many patients confuse medical hypnosis with a vaudeville act," he says. "They may be afraid of losing control of their actions to someone who will make them do something against their will. The physician using hypnosis attempts to accomplish the opposite: to help his patient reach his own goals by overcoming various subconscious barriers."

For use as an intermediate step between hypnosis and auto-

suggestion, Dr. Weinberg is making a series of "sleep-therapy tapes" which will be available to patients who need additional help to relax and to sleep.

At any rate, the relaxation-auto-suggestion sleep method is worth trying. It involves only your own potential for concentration. It does not involve the risk of drugs that may be harmful, or even long-term psychotherapy. And, judging from personal experience, it works. ▼

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